The SPHERE

Vol. CXXX. No. 1693 JULY 2, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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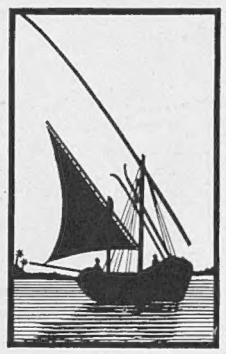

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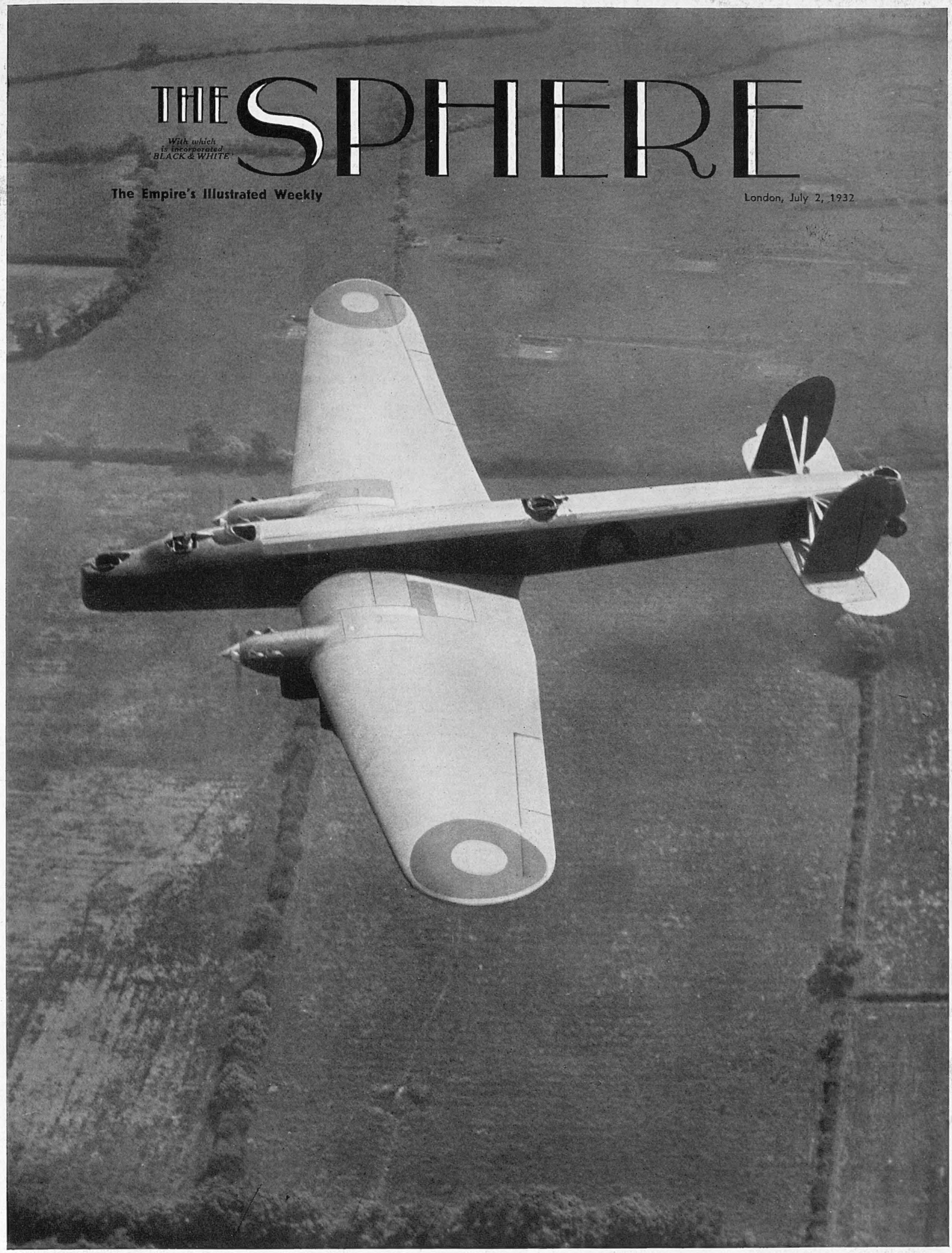
THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated 'BLACK & WHITE'

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, July 2, 1932



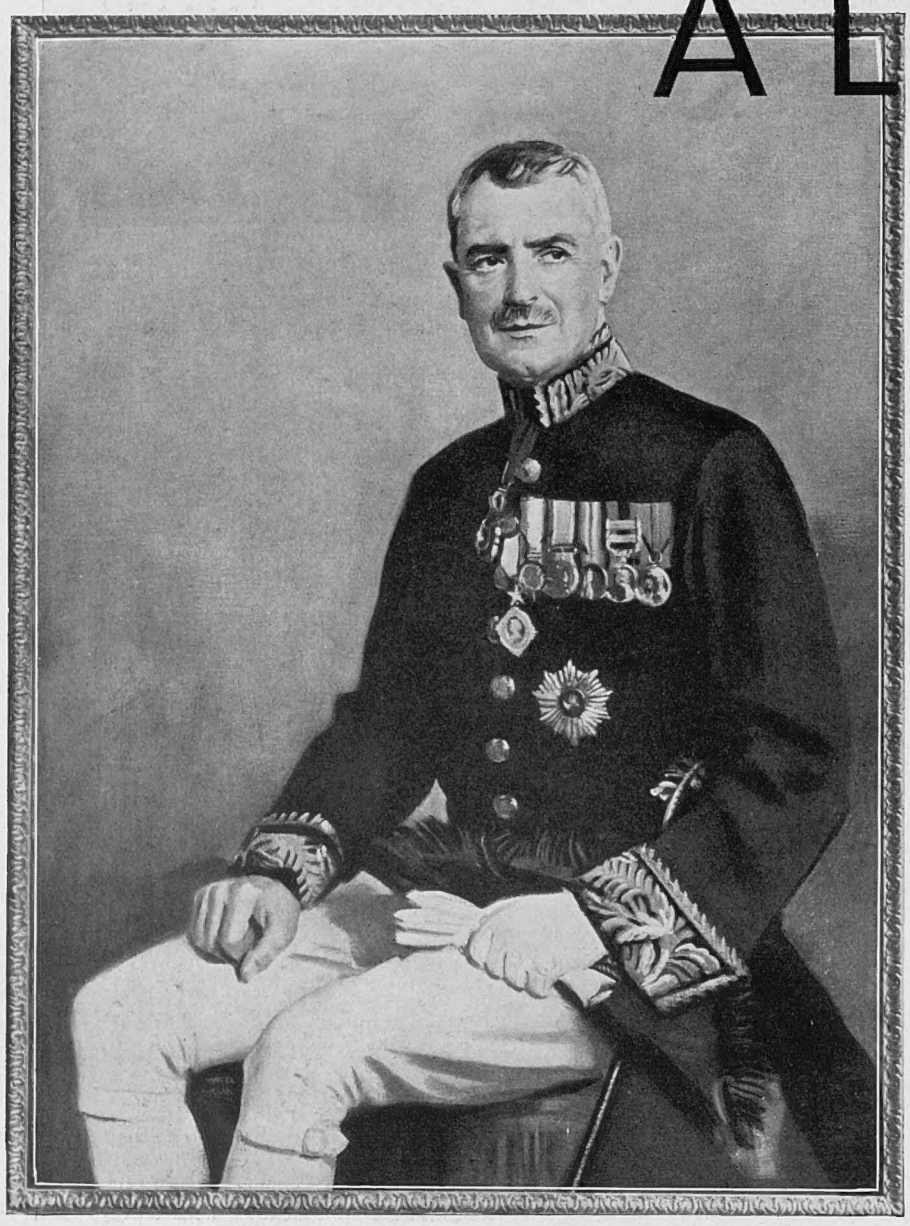
BRITAIN'S LATEST BOMBER

The First Monoplane Bomber which made its Debut at the R.A.F. Pageant last Saturday

The first monoplane bomber of the Royal Air Force, which made a successful first appearance at the R. A. F. Display at Hendon last Saturday, is a Fairey low-wing monoplane with a wing-span of 101 ft. It is fitted with two Rolls-Royce Kestrel engines developing over 1,000 h.p. The total all-up weight of this machine is nine tons—a gross weight which includes a full complement of bombs. These are carried in the fuselage and are released through a trap-door and not, as is more usual, from under the wings. Another strange feature of this 'plane is that entry is gained through the tail

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New



THE LATE SIR STEUART PEARS, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., painted by Mr. Oswald Birley. This portrait of a notable and greatly revered figure is to be sent to Government House, Peshawar, North-West Frontier Province, in memory of Sir Steuart's tenure of office as Chief Commissioner of the Province, May 1930 to September 1931. The portrait is at the moment on exhibition at Leggatt's, St. James's Street, where it can be seen by his friends. The late Chief Commissioner of the North-West Frontier Province had a wide Indian experience extending from the Kurram Valley to Mysore in the South. An ardent botanist in garden or hillside, Sir Steuart had a gentleness and kindliness of nature that endeared him not only to the humanitarians of the Indian field but even to the die-hards. His death, from a fall over a *khud*—precipice—near Nathia Gali, Abbottabad, in the tragic presence of Lady Pears, occurred at the age of fifty-six

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, June 29, 1932.

A SIMPLE PLAN.—President Hoover has found time to work out a simple plan. It is so simple that it reminds me of a page from *Iolanthe*. The dilemma was insoluble: every fairy must die who marries a mortal. Steps forward Lord Chancellor Hoover: "Allow me as an old Equity draughtsman to make a suggestion. The thing is really quite simple—the insertion of a single word will do it. Let it stand that every fairy shall die who *doesn't* marry a mortal." The suffering world: "We like your humour." And indeed it does seem strange to us that the world's accredited representatives hail this proposal as a god-sent inspiration of genius. It *does* seem simple, and the differentiation between defence and offence forces appears to remove some of its thorns of difficulty. It has been hailed as bold and brilliant. If I prefer the adjectives simple and obvious, it is because with the latter labels the plan stands a better chance of being forced upon hesitant and befogged political leaders by the whole increasing force of public opinion throughout the suffering world. Cut a third from the waste of War, give back a third to the cornucopia of Peace. It *is* very simple. It is difficult to resist the argument; still more difficult, I suppose, to apply the principle to the conflicting interests of national armaments.

ABOARD "ARTIGLIO."—For four years we poured the golden metal, won from the earth by the sweat of men's brows, into the sea, never pausing to think that every ingot so sunk could only be won back again by the expenditure of ten times ten of the initial labour. We had gold to burn then; a few score millions here or there, what did they matter? And now today, when the whole world is suddenly awakened to the awful need of huge economies, the gold in little trickles flows back like blood from a stone. A golden sovereign (once a schoolboy's accepted tip) for every million pounds which half a dozen nations still spend annually on preparing weapons for future wars and future sinkings of treasure. I conceive that in Commendatore Quaglia's benign smile, as he watched the golden harvest of his intense labours come in, there was a hint of Mona Lisa's, a Delphic, indefinable smile of mingled scorn and pity for all suffering humanity. So hard to win, so easy to squander. Of all our golden harvests one grain in every million returns to us bearing sheaves. It is sown in weakness, it is reaped in strength. It is the drama of Life that has been played aboard *Artiglio*.

CRUMBS FROM THE CONFERENCE TABLE.—The peoples of civilization are the beggars who sit to catch any crumbs which may fall from the rich men's conference tables at Lausanne, Geneva, Ottawa, London, and elsewhere. The beggars, drawing in their belts to the last hole, were about to damn these groaning boards as nothing but Barmecidal and suicidal. And suddenly, on the anniversary of Waterloo, we knew that crumbs would fall, that the word Conference would save its reputation, and that there was to be a meal of scraps after all. The "rich men" have suddenly discovered what the "beggars" have long known, that the problem of war debts and reparations is a case of Chatham and Strachan over again. Europe, with its sword sheathed, must and will prepare a complete plan for the ultimate settlement, on possible lines, of War debts (to come into being in effect immediately by means of an indefinite moratorium), and to communicate that plan to America. And America longing to be at 'em, will very possibly now fall in with any plan which saves the face of contracting Governments and conserves the prestige of International obligations, if only by a gesture or token on the part of Germany. Always provided that "Lord Chatham keeps his sword sheathed," there is now good hope that no more impossible payments on account of War settlements will be demanded or made. In a word, reparations and War debts are bound up in the question of disarmament.

. . . .

Here is a real gleam of hope at last. Here is the first real prospect of a return of confidence in Europe. The rulers of Europe at the eleventh hour have begun to think in terms International instead of terms domestic. Common action has come to mean something more than sweeping the flood water out of one's own back yard. An effort is being made to confine the common enemy within its banks for the benefit of all riparian owners.

OTTAWA.—And so to Ottawa. Ottawa also has suddenly acquired a new and wider significance. Our Imperial comity of nations is but a unit in a wider comity of nations, and our house must be set in order in conformity with the whole street. There was no hope from Ottawa if we had confined our efforts to an Imperial scheme for taking in one another's washing. And so the stage is set at Ottawa also. The conditions are not wholly favourable. We are making our usual mistakes, still drunken with the fumes of Versailles. For one thing, Ottawa is embarrassed by the fantastic proportion to which the numbers of delegates have swollen. The Hospitality Committee pants after its task in vain. The idea of a little body of essential experts has long been abandoned.

. . . .

Every Jack-in-office in London is gone or going to Ottawa in some purely fictitious capacity, accompanied by his secretary, stenographer, dancing partner—every jack with a thick hide and a strong kick. Unless something is done to check this Versailles exuberance, irrevelancy and not essentials will be the keynote. And it is more than likely, too, that constitutional instead of strictly economic issues will raise a long, preliminary dog fight at the start. There is a real danger that the first vital week may be thrown away on the Irish question. There is another obvious danger to smooth progress. Mr. Bennett is alive to, and has taken powers to combat, the possibility of a financial crisis arising during the Session which may affect the world's credit and turn all thoughts to a more immediate danger. But I have said enough to show that I am jealous of Ottawa, and suspicious of any obstacles to a real success there.

BRAVE WORDS.—Let us record it in print, here and now, in June, 1932, in the very heart of our financial typhoon. Five score of Conservative M.P.s, with the recess at hand and the sea, the moors, and the rivers calling, expressed their willingness to sit round committee tables and to explore the avenues to serious administrative economies. Economies to exceed fifty millions annually, under the broad headings of Local Government, Roads, the Defence Services, the National Debt Services, the Social Services. Let us record now this brave gesture, these brave words, that we may dig out th record and flourish it in their faces ne Budget day. How will circumstance and Cabinets whittle down their rough hewn end? Brave words, indeed, whil defence ministers have all declared tha rock-bottom has been reached an passed in cutting down the fightin services, when the road interests ar already striking terror in the hearts o ministers, when school-teachers, pen sioners, trades union leaders and un employed are only waiting every ne chance to raise a threatening voice And, keenly expectant of that voice, th cabinet will wriggle like an eel to escap the horrid prongs of a serious economi dilemma, will offer a conversion schem as a full and sufficient sacrifice an obligation, and pray to be spared furthe "unpleasantness." £50,000,000. Brav words indeed.

WHY LORD LLOYD?—An infernal machine, constructed b an expert assassin, was the considere verdict of the officials on the bom which didn't burst at St. Bee's (o Sanctus Bombus, to give it its Lati name). But why so sure that Lor Lloyd was the sacrifice demanded Why not the Bishop, or one or mor of the grave seniors in academicals o the dais serene? Lord Lloyd is not a the moment in any invidious publi position. He is causing annoyance t no fanatical student from Bombay no to any Egyptian Nationalist. For al such, his claws are clipped. He is a robust patriot, he pleads for a strong navy, he is an enemy of Bolshevism but so in theory at any rate are we all from whatever class we spring. In theory, at least, we sympathize with robust patriots, with Imperialists, with strong navy men. We hate Bolshevism and we admire plain and courageous speech. Lord Lloyd is no more likely to make enemies than was Jix and nobo would have prepared a petard for Jix. For an ecclesiastic, or a pedagogue, I don't say, but for Lord Lloyd—no. In a word, a hoax, apparent and presumptive.

CHOOSING A TEST TEAM.—The Indian cricketers have done more than to give us a number of sporting matches and exhibitions of pretty and sporting cricket. Their team is the dog on which we are trying our Australian Test experiments. The team which played India at Lord's looked amazingly strong in batting on paper. In bowling it revealed the nakedness of our land. We have not got a dependable fast bowler of Test Class, and we can't find him. Till we do, our hopes of success in Australia are poor indeed. For Larwood has a knee, and nobody else has established a claim by continuous good work. In deed, of all the side chosen there are still but two certainties—Jardine and Sutcliffe. The Ames or Duckworth controversy will survive till the autumn. Woolley has the Age query against his glorious name. Paynter and Holmes have their alternatives. Hammond must produce a certificate of recent form before he is chosen. Robins has his private affairs to consider. Brown and Voce are still being tried out on recent form. And of course the match itself—since the game is a glorious game full of uncertainties—began from the word "play" to confound the critics. The impregnable batsmen fell before the Indians like leaves before an Autumn gale. And if you ask me how much we have learned from this trial, for the main purpose of choosing the best sixteen for Australia, I should say—very little.

WIMBLEDON.—Unquestionably the prime thrill of the first week at Wimbledon was the unexpected defeat of Cochet by that hard worker, Ian Collins, who was sunk by a Japanese Q-boat in the next round. Two good Frenchmen went down at a very early stage. The Americans drew lucky and the Britons were at the top of their

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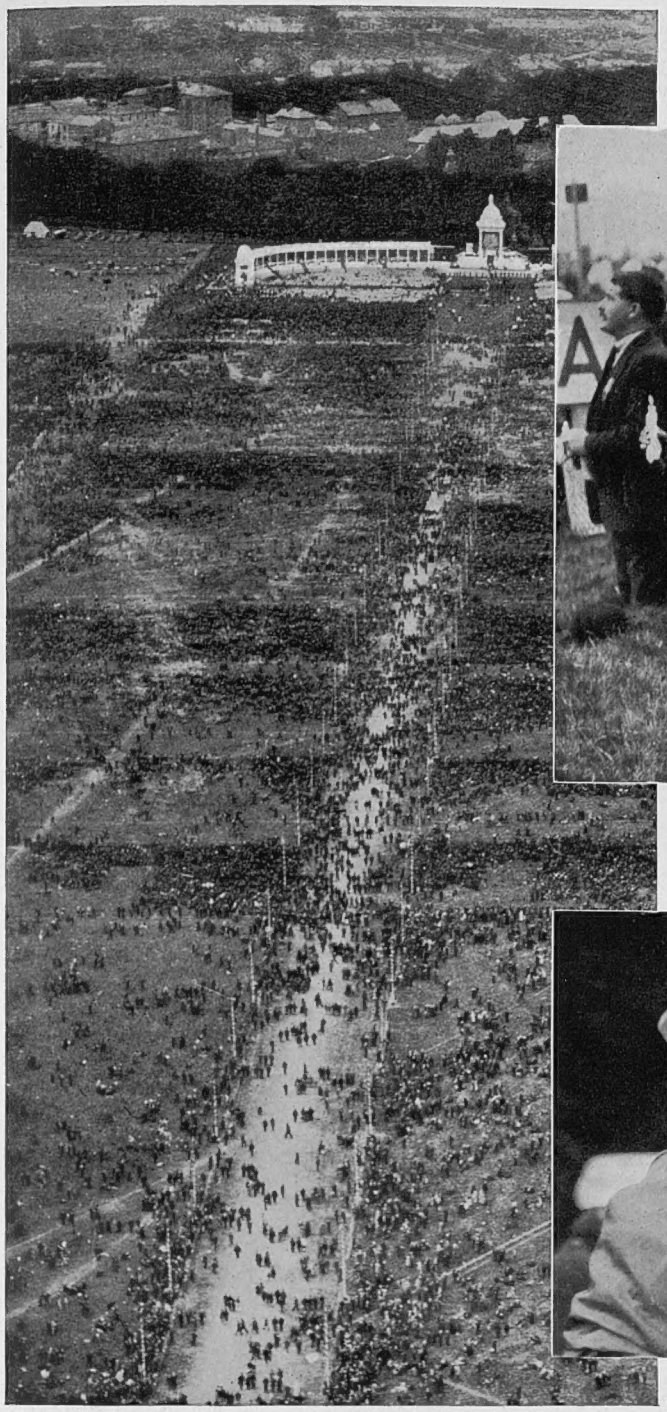
ROME IN IRELAND



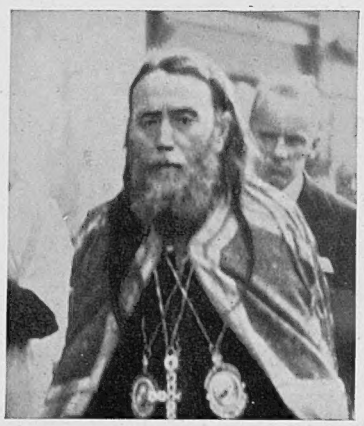
THE PAPAL LEGATE BLESSES 1,000,000: An aerial view of the ceremony in Phœnix Park when Cardinal Lauri celebrated open-air Mass at the end of the Eucharistic Congress

RECEIVING THE PAPAL BENEDICTION: The Mayor of Dublin, Alderman A. Byrne, in his robes and chain of office, kneels with other members of the congregation, holding lighted tapers whilst receiving the Papal benediction during the Papal Legates (Cardinal Lauri's) mass meeting in Phœnix Park

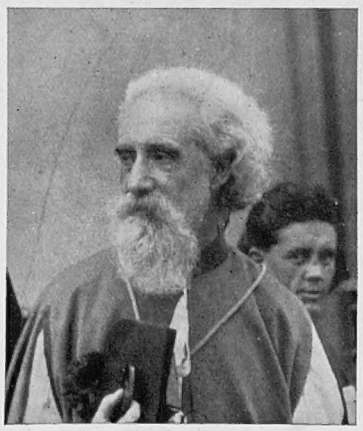
THE PRIMATE OF BOSTON: Cardinal O'Connell, who originally came from Kerry

NOT SEVILLE BUT IRELAND: A view of Lone Lane, decorated for the Congress, with people on their knees before the small improvised altar. The atmosphere is that of devotional South Europe

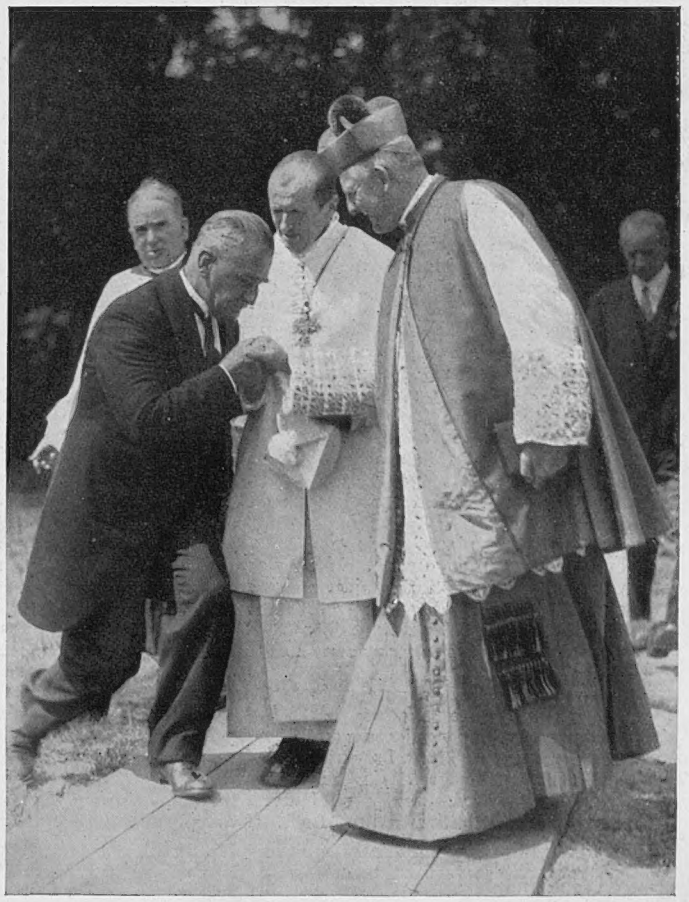
THE PRIMATE OF PHILADELPHIA: Cardinal Dougherty was one of the visitors. Representatives of thirty nations were present



THE BISHOP OF GALILEE was one of the ecclesiastical notabilities visiting the Eucharistic Congress at Dublin



PRINCE DE CROY: A member of the permanent committee of the Eucharistic Congress

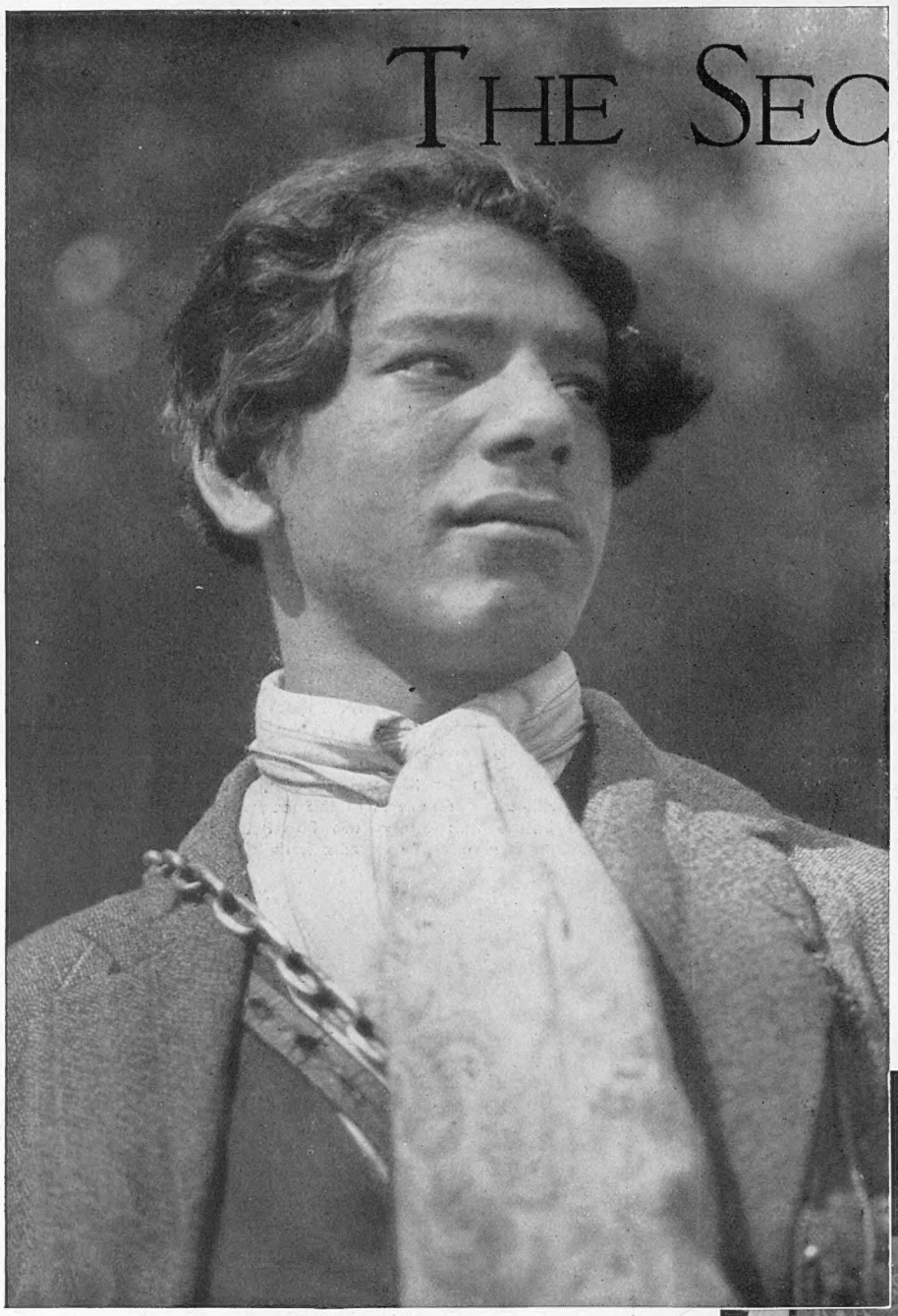


THE BISHOP OF LOURDES with the Abbot of Mont Melleary and a friend at the great Congress that has brought the atmosphere of Old Rome into the Ireland of 1932

THE SECRET PEOPLE

A Provocative and Baffling Glimp and Sordid Pedlars, but o

By W. HOL



A ROMANY RYE: A typical aristocrat of the nomad race in characteristic pose and typical dress

At the Cambridge Midsummer Fair—still called "The Gypsies' Fair"—I sat in a caravan with a man who is perhaps the last of the Romany kings in England. He was a Romany rye. Now rye means gentleman, and gentleman he undoubtedly was. And he shrank from the word "gypsy" as I should shrink from the word "Cockney" if it were applied to me on a visit to New York. And from what this man—as strange a blend of poet, philosopher, soldier, nomad, and autocrat as I have ever met with—said to me, I am wondering whether the English gypsy is doomed.

Is it possible that after a sojourn of 336 years in England, modern conditions are becoming too much for a people who are at heart the same nomads that they were 3,000 years ago? Is it possible that after a long, a gay, and a very gallant struggle, the increasing mechanisation in the lives of the *gorgio* (the house-dweller) is becoming too much for the *tacho* Romany, the genuine gypsy, whose heart still lingers in his unknown ancestors' tattered tents? Is it possible that the *tacho* Romany folk feel in their sensitive bones that the recent strict enforcement of the Education Act is an instrument to crush their immemorial traditions of liberty? Is it that so prosaic an institution as the Board of Education is writing "Finis" in Government chalk to the romantic tale of the gypsy in England?

And if so, how do the gypsies react to these signs and portents? Do they realize that the hand of fate is upon them? And if it be upon them, what can they do?

There is no place in this troubled world into which even a gypsy can escape. If they are put in houses, they will die. Will they just die out? Or, in their secret hearts, do they believe that they can still cheat fate, as their brothers have cheated fate and laughed at their oppressors in many countries through countless years?

It was to find an answer to these questions that I went a-fairing to Cambridge. I was told that this Midsummer Fair was known as "The Gypsies' Fair"; that here I should find a gathering of all the tribes—swart sedentary gypsies from Blackpool, the fisher gypsies from Wales, and such famous families as the Boswells, the Smiths, and the Lees. I was promised a world of gypsies.

Cambridge lay hot in the sunshine, and thousands on foot, and hundreds jammed into great red 'buses were all making one way—to the Fair.

But the Fair ground was not in the least what I had expected it to be. More than anything it resembled a vast car-park, in the midst of which shrieks came from the helter-skelter, cyclonic music from the roundabouts, and the crack of rifle shots mingled with the occasional click of a ball as it won the rare cokernut.

There seemed to be miles of this Fair. But the thing which intrigued me most—the thing from which I could not get away—was the multiplicity of motor transport. Everywhere were Morrises, Rovers, Austins, and Fords, and beside each car a trailer caravan. In these bright, neat, hygienic vehicles were women busy at their domestic duties. Women busy with hygienic milk bottles, electric cookers run from the motor cars, and food kept in refrigerators. And on the grass neat children played. These were the wives and children of the men busy at the rifle ranges, sweet-stuff stalls, "Aunt Sallies," "Houp-las," and other diversions for easing the public of its money.

There were great motor lorries on which the bigger shows had come, and vast motor vans fitted with tiers of bunks in which slept and travelled the staffs of the proprietors of the big shows. In fact, apart from the Fair itself, there was a prosperous township on wheels. The modern travelling showman is certainly completely up to date.

But not a gypsy could I see. I traversed the long streets of the Fair. I had a chat with a man from Gateshead who had invented his own toffee-cutting machine. He knew nothing of gypsies. His only interest in life was the Lindbergh baby. I got some pretty "rough stuff" back-chat from an American in a sombrero who was doing a roaring trade in waffles. Gypsies? He guessed I'd better have a search rou hell!

A lady in the best Buffalo Bill attire invited me the best accents of Cockayne to "'ave nine shots for shilling!" Gypsies? She'd shoot 'em!

As I was passing a cokernut shy a dark, cle limbed man darted out with his hand at the salu "See you at Henley this year, sir?"

In a vague way I recalled that I had seen him th before, and I felt I had found a friend. So I said him: "I'm looking for gypsies."

"Oh," he said, "There are plenty of them, b they're at the back—there and there," his brown fo finger stabbed in two directions.

I had an inspiration. "*Tacha* Romany?" I aske

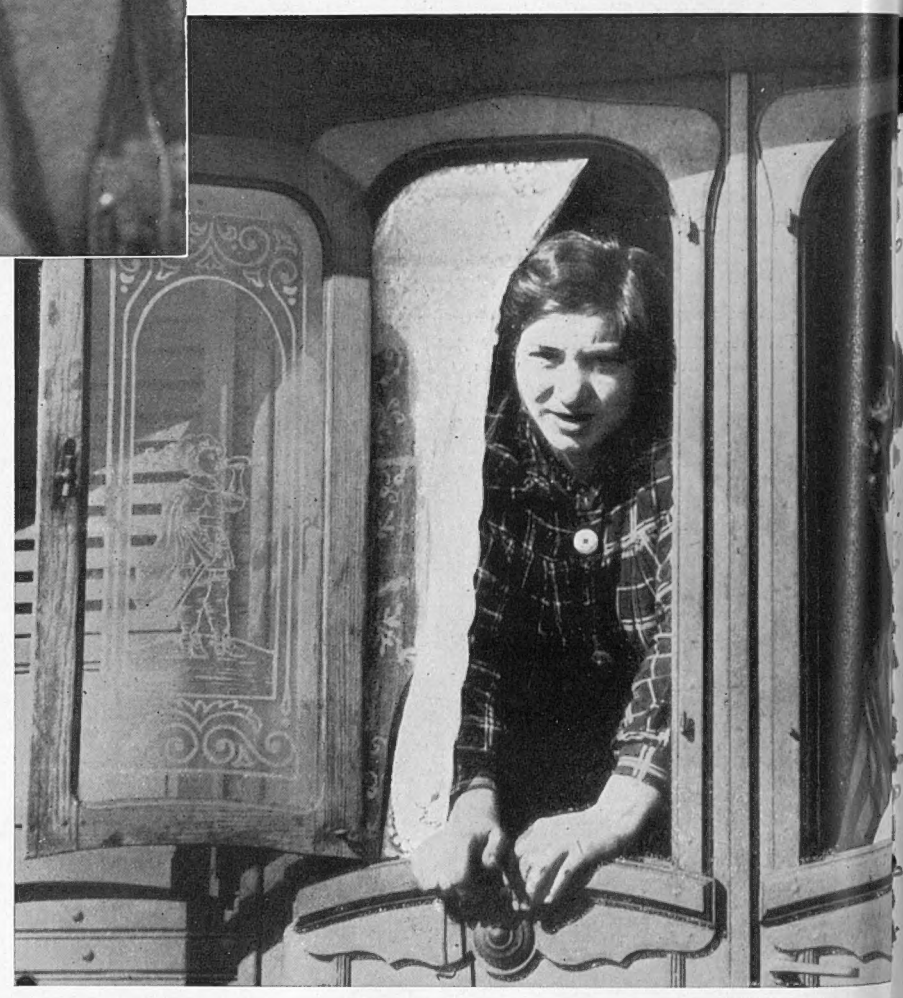
His white teeth gleamed like moonbeams in dark face. He nodded.

"I want to know something about the women a children," I said.

He seized me by the arm. "I'll take you Mrs. Cooper!" he said.

Mrs. Cooper sat in her consulting room. It wa booth about the size of a bathing tent. Her professi is "dukkering"—reading the palm. She can lo into the future. And she can certainly look through and through. She is a handsome woman, a shapely, with a skin as smooth and brown as a ho chestnut. You would never believe her to be a gra mother.

There she sat, with her glossy hair, her spot linen, brilliant scarves, and glittering gold trink



THE BRIDAL PAIR: The gypsies nowadays marry according to the law of Church and solemnize their ties by a

She rose like some *grande dame* about to rece a guest and waved me to a chair with a gesture benign autocracy. As the phrase goes, "a fortu teller." Perhaps. It may be a good deal more tha that. A woman who can so read character that sh can cheer and comfort her humble clients. I re membered the words of Konrad Bercovici—"Thes people are the psycho-analysts of the poor."

I told her what I wanted to know. She listene with a bright smile. All these people's faces seem to be lit with laughter at some secret of their own.

"I was born in a tent," she said, "and my mothe before me. The caravan came afterwards—when w were better off. All my children were born in it."

"You would not be *gorgio*? You would not liv in a house?"

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"THE SPHERE" Surveys THE WORLD

DENMARK HONOURS HER MAGICIAN: The scene in front of the Town Hall at Copenhagen during the celebration of the 125th anniversary of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen. Tableaux and processions of children representing every character in the famous fairy tales—one is seen on the terrace on left—will be held throughout the summer in Denmark

GERMANY GOES FOOTBALL CONSCIOUS: The victorious football team of the Bavaria Club, Munich, who defeated the Eintracht team of Frankfurt in the final at Nuremburg, was received with acclaim by a crowd running well into six figures on their return. They drove through the city in horse carriages, champions of Germany

SALE DAY IN SHANGHAI: A picture showing how the Occidental methods of advertisement have gained ground in the Orient. The Sincere Company—the Shanghai store analogous to the Harrods or Selfridges of London—displays banners of various sizes extolling its wares

Ewing Galloway

ACADEMICIANS OF THE PAVEMENT: Struggling artists have just been allowed by the Municipality of New York to display their wares on the sidewalks of Washington Square—the quartier Latin of the city—granting them the same privilege as that accorded to pedlars of apples

THE EXILE *FROM* DOORN: The ex-Kaiser with his wife, the Adjutant Gabriel (right) and Major van Hanken (left, grey suit) on the shore at Zand Voort, a resort on the Dutch coast whither he made his first excursion from Doorn. Owing to bad weather, the party left—but subsequently returned

H.M. BRIGADE OF GUARDS

CHANGING THE GUARD OF THE GUARDS: When the Brigade goes on manœuvres, line regiments take over at "Buck House," depriving London of much of its colour and a deal of its loftiness

One of the characteristics of the British nation which always deludes foreigners is our apparent streak of defeatism. During the War one of the favourite songs among the troops was—

"I don't want to die
I want to go home where the Kaiser can't shoot bombs at me
Oh, my, I don't want to die
I want to go home."

It was their privilege to sing those words because they were in the front line most of the time. In the same way only a former officer in the Brigade of Guards like Harry Graham could possibly compose the lyrics about

"All the King's horses and all the King's men
They marched down the street and they march back again
All the King's horses and all the King's men . . ."

ending with the suggestion that their sole *objet d'être* was to infuse a little style into the Lord Mayor's Show.

With the exception of Stephen Graham, the most cantankerous authors—and I include my brother Robert who wrote "Goodbye to all that"—could find nothing but words of praise for the Guards. It is true that the Royal Welch Fusiliers refused to turn themselves into the Welsh Guards. But that was very soldierly of them. As to Stephen Graham, who tried to make out that to join the Guards was like going to prison—well, what sergeant-major in any regiment would fail to have a down on a shock-headed poet masquerading, however gallantly, as a soldier? Of course Stephen Graham got a tough time, but he asked for it.

During the War, naturally enough, some odd people received commissions in the Brigade of Guards and there was quite a private little war after the real one to cause their exit. They were brave enough, no doubt, but they were not quite suitable according to the standards of these five regiments. Thus one officer was heard abusing the colonel in the sergeants' mess. It is almost impossible to say how many of them passed through the Brigade of Guards during the War. I asked the brigade major himself and he had no idea. That there were some thousands is past dispute. Look at the Guards Club, and look, too, at the prevalence of the blue and red tie in London alone.

To-day the Brigade of Guards with its ten battalions musters about five thousand bayonets with a total strength of about six thousand. Of these about 10 per cent. served in the War, while about 35 per cent. of the officers were in France. Actually, out of the 137 rank and file in the King's Company of the Grenadier Guards, only three are listed as having served overseas. There are, however, still in the regiment fifty-four other ranks who enlisted before 1914, and there are 204 other ranks on a twenty-one years' engagement, and thirty-two serving beyond that. Incidentally, the number of recruits attested for the regiment from May 1, 1931, to April 30 of this year was 394, which in turn was 211 fewer than in the previous twelve months.

A very interesting fact about the King's Company, which is admittedly the right-hand company of the whole of the British Army, is that the average height of the officers is 6 ft. $2\frac{7}{8}$ in., while that of the men is 6 ft. $2\frac{1}{2}$ in. The average height in Number One platoon is no less than 6 ft. $3\frac{3}{4}$ in., with the right-hand man topping the bill at 6 ft. $5\frac{3}{4}$ in. When you put a bearskin on top of that you have a very large soldier indeed, larger even than those giant guardsmen drilled in Potsdam in the days of Frederick William, the father of Frederick the Great, whose one passion they were.

Since the War the height of guardsmen fluctuates according to recruiting. At the present minute a recruit must be 5 ft. 11 in., but it has dropped even in peace time to 5 ft. $9\frac{1}{2}$ in. for Scottish born recruits in the Scots Guards. Every half inch drop brings hundreds of eager young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four. But the recruit of to-day is a very different proposition from his pre-War predecessor. They used to be called "old sweats." To-day they are the sons of farmers and tradespeople—a totally different class, better educated to begin with, and far better educated still before they have finished with their service. It would be impossible to say that they were better soldiers. Nothing could have been better in discipline or musketry than the men in 1914—but better educated, yes.

By the same token the difference in the receipts between the coffee counter and the bar in the canteen is quite extraordinary. The men drink tea and eat buns. Hardly any of them drink beer. I am told that by their officers, and they should know. I believe, however, that the old fee of a shilling, two shillings, and five shillings for the privilege of being taken out respectively by a private, corporal, and sergeant is still paid by hero-worshipping cooks and servant girls. The men, on the other hand, cannot marry until they are twenty-six. That is to say, they are paid no marriage allowance until then.

In a line regiment a recruit must sign for seven years with the Colours, and five years with the Special Reserve. In the Brigade of Guards a recruit can either do that or serve for three years with the Colours and nine years with the Reserve. But if he elects to do the latter, he cannot become a non-commissioned officer. This does not deter a high percentage of the men, because they know that to have been a guardsman is an Open Sesame to a number of jobs. Very large numbers of the police are ex-guardsmen, for example, and so are the footmen in many big houses.

As to the nationalities of the men, the first battalion of the Scots Guards may be taken as a case in point. Forty per cent. of them are really Scots; 35 per cent. are Lancashire men and North of Englanders; the rest are Londoners, or at any rate Southerners. Genuine Scots have the additional advantage of six weeks furlough as opposed to a month which the other men get, and they are often recruited when half an inch shorter than the standard height. Something like 80 per cent. of the Welsh Guards are Welshmen, because that is insisted on as a justification of their continuance. There is also a high percentage of Irishmen in the Irish Guards; one or two of whom talk with such brogues that they are hardly intelligible even to their Irish-born officers. The Irish Guards, by the way, are nicknamed the Micks, while the Scots Guards are called familiarly the Kiddies, and the Coldstreamers the Coalies. The Grenadiers are called the "Grens" if anything, while the Welsh Guards have only one rather feeble and opprobrious nickname. There has always been a mild feud between the men of the Grenadiers and the Coldstream ever since the former were called in, last century, to stop a riot of Coldstreamers in a canteen.

There used also to be a theory that you should not put Scots Guards and Grenadiers too close to each other. But that has now been exploded. There will always be an argument as to which is the oldest regiment. The Grenadiers call themselves the First Guards, and, indeed, are the right of the line. But the Coldstreamers call themselves "Second to None." As for the Scots Guards, they say that they were formed before either regiment, which is true. But they call their club the Third Guards club. Unfortunately, they rebelled and took the side of Charles the Second, and were disbanded. To this day, if you dine as I have done, on King's guard at St. James's Palace, finger bowls are not allowed—the idea being that having been rebels once they might be rebels again and drink the health of the King over the water. It was only a few years later that the Scots Guards were called into existence again. But their nickname of "Kiddies" survives—a nickname which was not altered even when the Irish Guards and the Welsh Guards were formed.

Whatever the regiment, the pay is the same, having been severely cut.

Regimental Sergeant-majors used to get 14s. a day: now they get 12s. 8d. Company Sergeant-majors used to get 10s. a day; now they get 9s. Sergeants used to get 7s. a day; now they get 6s. 4d. Corporals used to get 5s. a day; now they get 4s. 6d. Guardsmen used to get 4s. a day; now they get 3s. 8d.

Officers in the Brigades have been hit in all kinds of ways. The mess allowance for the King's Guard was reduced from £2,500 to £1,100 by Army Order 163. In 1922, though the pay in all ranks had been increased, gratuities were abolished, and so was the Guards' pay of 5s. a day. Now there is in addition the 10 per cent. cut. Thus an ensign (in other words a second lieutenant) gets 8s. 6d. minus 10 per cent. A captain gets 22s. 10d. a day, which is nearly doubled, however, with the extra pay and allowances which come with his marriage after thirty. Even this is not a very large sum of money for an officer who will have been in his regiment for a matter of sixteen years or so. Until thirty, an officer gets no marriage allowance if he marries. And he is not supposed to get married when he is still an ensign or a subaltern without permission of his commanding officer, who will do his best to dissuade him from the rash act. In the 17th Lancers they still throw out junior officers if they get married. In the Brigade of Guards you must send in your papers if you marry an actress. But there is nothing to make you do this if you are in a line regiment. You must also resign if you get divorced, of course. The average lieutenant-colonel will tell aspiring young officers that they should have at least £400 a year of their own if they want to be comfortable. There are a few, it is true, who contrive actually to live on their pay. But it must be very uncomfortable for them.

THE GUARD AT THE BANK: Guards marching through [illegible] to the Bank into whose [illegible]

GUARDS AND GUARDIANS: The Green Howard[s] [illegible] couple of years ago. This picture shows not [illegible] in stature between the average "Guardee" and [illegible] precision and smart[ness] the

THE IRISH GUARDS cheering the Prince of Wales, the Col[onel] Lord Cavan on behalf of the Princess Royal, who was u[nable] best-known of the Guards' quarters. [Chi]

OF ENGLAND: A detail of the metropolis from Wellington Barracks building it is seen wheeling above

The Conventions, Privileges, and Finance of those Crack Regiments whose Name is a Synonym for all that is Immaculate in the British Tradition, Military and Social

By CHARLES GRAVES

If they are lucky they will occasionally get jobs as A.D.C's. For these jobs they only get the same as their Army pay, but everything is found. This means that they have no mess bill, which for officers even with a normal thirst is a distinct saving. Besides, if they are really ideal aide-de-camps they will announce their engagement to the prettiest heiress in the neighbourhood on the evening before they leave for home. Needless to say, you do not have to be a Guards officer to be an A.D.C., but most A.D.C's. are Guards officers because Governors-General and others rather like a smart uniform, and the average line regiment officer does not possess full dress. Incidentally, the tunic of a Guards officer costs £42 nowadays. A.D.C's. do not lose any seniority in their absence from the regiment. Among the principal A.D.C. jobs are those with the Viceroy of India and the Governors-General of Canada and Australia and South Africa.

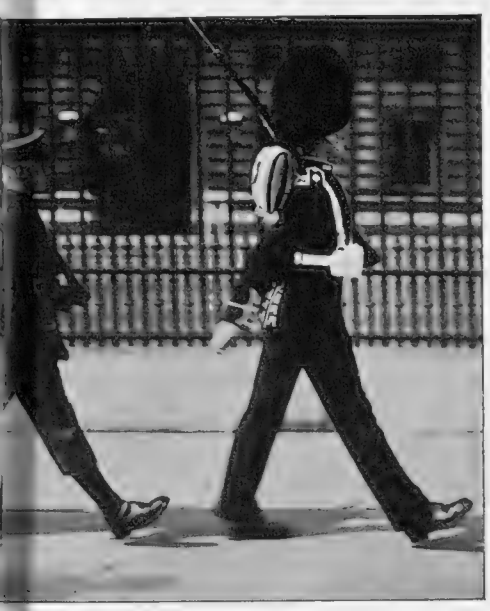
Ever since 1900 there has always been at least one Guards battalion abroad. At the moment there are two—a battalion of Coldstreamers at Khartoum, which is not at all a popular station, and a battalion of Grenadiers at Cairo, which is the reverse. Cairo is a regular brigade station overseas. But if there is trouble, such as the situation in China a year ago, the Guards may be sent out to look after it. In London the chief barracks are Wellington, Chelsea, and the Tower. Wellington Barracks being only 5 min. walk from King's Guard is the most popular. The Tower has no fewer than three guards to furnish, the two chief ones being the Wharf and the Main Guard. This means that there always have to be two officers on duty—one on guard duty and the other on picket duty. Chelsea is 20 min. walk from King's Guard, which is a great nuisance and means parading half-an-hour earlier than usual.

Warley Barracks, near Brentwood, are popular because there are no guards or pickets to find. At Windsor, even after the War, there was only one bath for the whole of the officers' mess, and while the men had electric light in their quarters, the officers had gas.

COLOUR BEARERS: Lieutenant Hamilton Russell carrying the colours at the guard-changing ceremony at Buckingham Palace. The bearskins lend colour (albeit black) to the military ritual even when the scarlet is hidden beneath the grey great coat

One could write a chapter on King's Guard at St. James's Palace. There was a famous screen brought back from the Great War which caused a great deal of excitement when Sir Francis Lloyd discovered that young officers had been showing it to their girl friends at luncheon. Now it has either been removed or else the door to which it was affixed is permanently closed. Anyway, you never see it. When the Guards Club was in Pall Mall officers on guard were allowed to go over there for a drink. But when it was moved to its present premises in Brook Street it was decided that this was too far. However, the Marlborough stepped into the breach and extended its courtesies to the officers though they were not members of the club. Officers on guard are always allowed one guest at dinner, and newly-fledged ensigns promise all their friends this privilege and then usually forget.

The jape of Harry Graham about "All the King's horses and all the King's men" is justified to the extent that it is the Brigade of Guards which has to furnish the troops for all the ceremonial duties in London. But they are more like fatigues than anything else. Take the funeral of Sir John Cowan. The men and officers on this duty had to slow march, with arms reversed, all the way from Westminster Abbey to Lancaster Gate, and then quick march to the cemetery, which was half-way to Wembley. That day they paraded at 1 p.m. and got back at 7 p.m.; and it is no joke slow marching with rifles and swords reversed.



eld the coveted position of acting *vice* the Brigade a ne difference made by a uniform but also the difference rdinary "Tommy." The latter lack very little of the f the Brigade

The Guards' manœuvres which, owing to the economy cut have been reduced to a fortnight's training, begin on August 6, and the first battalion of the Royal Sussex take over the guard duties. It is only then, when the public sees the very efficient but rather stocky drab line regiment privates on guard outside the Palace that it realizes what a daub of colour the Brigade of Guards brings to London. There is no country in the world with finer-looking men in such fine uniforms. But it is not just a matter of window-dressing. The Guards work as hard as any line regiment to-day. Their leave has been cut down to the common level of sixty-one days in a year. They work, particularly the officers, much harder than they did before the War. In 1914, an officer would go to barracks in mufti and would consider himself very unlucky if he had more than one parade per week. As to general discipline, the regulations for the Brigade of Guards are just the same as for the rest of the Army, but the men are distinctly harder trained. As recruits they are kept on the square much longer, and there can be no question about the greater efficiency of their N.C.O"s, even comparing them with the Rifle regiments and the Highland regiments which are to-day the pick of the rest of the British Army.

Chief, on St. Patrick's Day when shamrock was distributed by attend. The ceremony took place in Wellington Barracks, the ne cheers were given with precision!

During the War the Brigade of Guards secured about twenty-four Victoria Crosses, and on one occasion the Irish Guards went into action eight hundred strong and came out with eight men. From 1914 to 1918 the Grenadiers and the Coldstreamers each had four battalions and one reserve; the Scots and the Irish had two and one reserve; while the Welsh had one front line battalion and one reserve.

To-day the officers in the Brigade of Guards are real professional soldiers. A few years ago young men with money went into the Brigade in order to have a good time and the *cachet* which the position bestowed. Some of them only stayed in the Army for a year or two, and then sent in their papers. This was particularly so during the boom years of 1926–1928. Many of them must bitterly regret it. One officer went on the Stock Exchange and lost £68,000. Now he is living on a farm in Rhodesia. He has only five hundred a year left. There are other instances of this. To-day, the pay is a tangible addition to their private income, and their duties prevent them from spending more money. Besides, their parents' estates have dwindled until they can hardly support them.

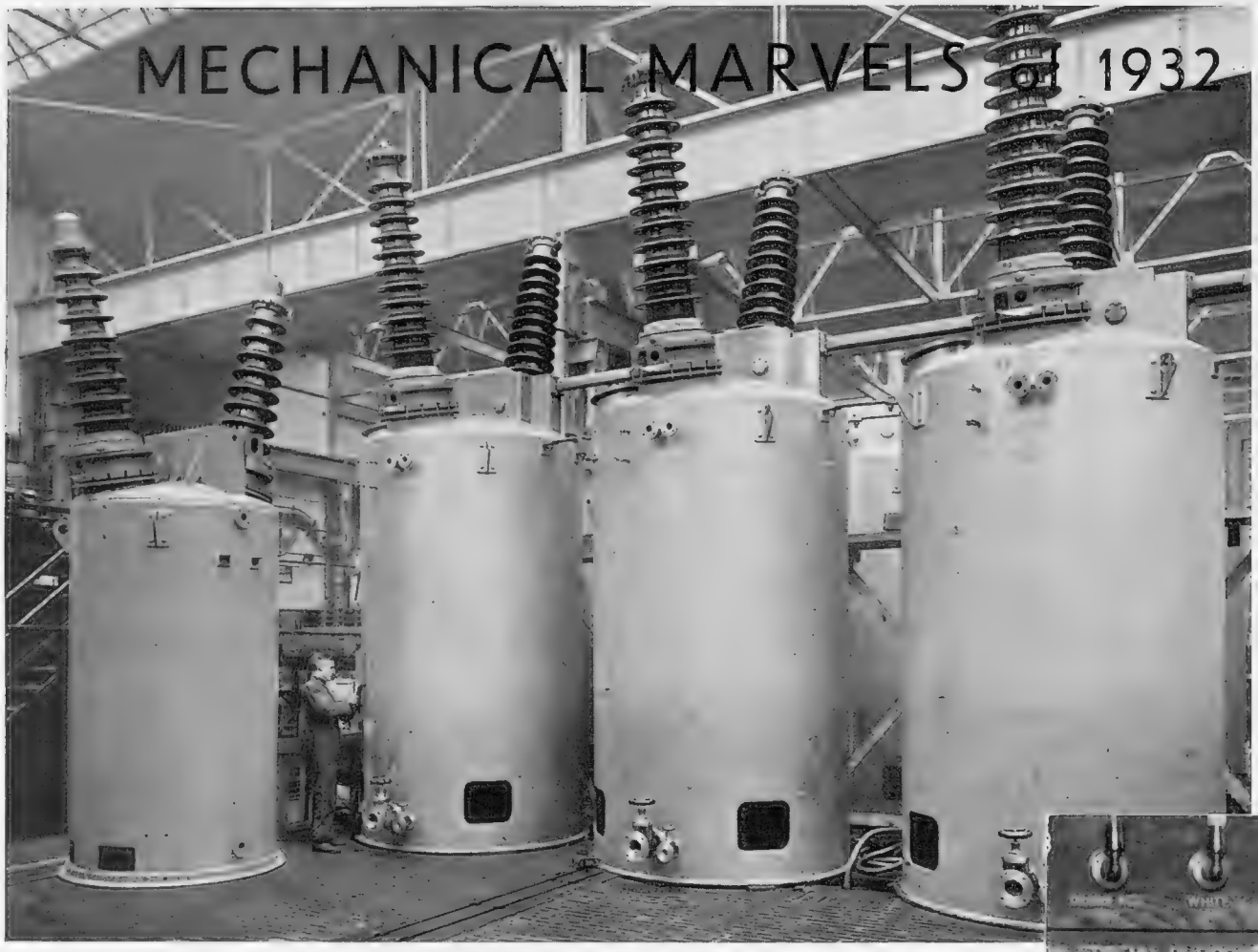
So much for the £ s. d. and the interior working of the Brigade of Guards. But one cannot overlook their immense influence on London and the London Season in particular. The men, it is true, do not wear moustaches, although they are encouraged to do so, because they say the girls do not like them. The officers *must* wear them. And that makes them a still more pleasant contrast from the usual pale-faced youth who comes down from Oxford and spends his time in a round of cocktail parties. There has always been a mild feud between the two types. The ex-undergraduate says that the officer in the Brigade of Guards is stupid and not interested in poetry or, indeed, any of the more artistic sides of life. Personally I have never met a Guards officer who has not read all Maurice Baring's books. Quite why they choose this author above all others I do not know. But it must be put on record. The Guards officer, if he retorts at all, replies that the Oxford set are clammy-handed youths who deserve smacking, and how enjoyable it would be to have them on the square for a few days. My own sympathies are entirely with the Guards. The Oxford set, of course, is a not unnatural re-action from the military spirit of the War, and perhaps should not be blamed too much. But if one were in a tight corner, which is the only test of men, I know which I should prefer to lend me a hand.

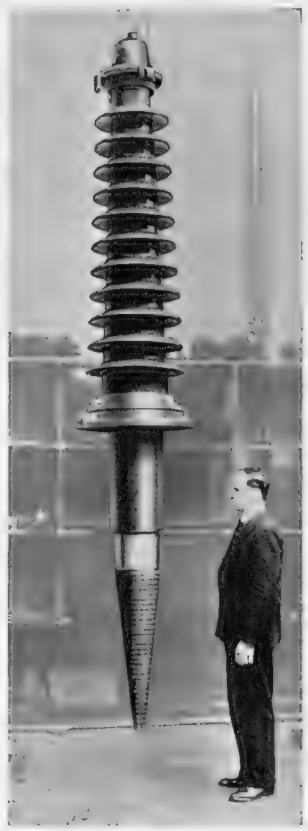
One proof, if proof is needed, of the popularity of the Brigade of Guards, is the public ignorance of the fact that they are by no means senior on the Army List. First come the Life Guards, then the Royal Horse Guards, followed by the Royal Horse Artillery, the Cavalry of the line, the Royal Artillery, the Royal Engineers, and even the Royal Signal Corps. Yet if anybody visualises the ideal-looking soldier they automatically think of the Foot Guards. It is partly, of course, due to their uniform. But it is also due to their record in the War. The whole world laughed when H. M. Bateman drew the picture of "The Guardsman Who Dropped It." When a famous author went to see the Trooping of the Colour the other day, he said afterwards that he believes he would have fainted if a single man had been out of step. Even the wolfhound of the Irish Guards is expected to obey his regiment's discipline, The average man, indeed, refused to believe that it could possibly be true. No wonder that His Majesty the King takes a greater personal interest in his Guards than he does in anything else, while the Duke of Connaught lives for nothing else.

It would perhaps be sheer snobbism to emphasize the fact that the best blood in the country is to be found among their officers, but in these iconoclastic days there is no harm in pointing it out.

Yes, the Brigade of Guards is recruited from the finest blood and the finest physiques in Great Britain. In their scarlet and bearskins they are the most magnificent body of men in the world, and the Army without them would be like a lion without its mane.

MECHANICAL MARVELS of 1932

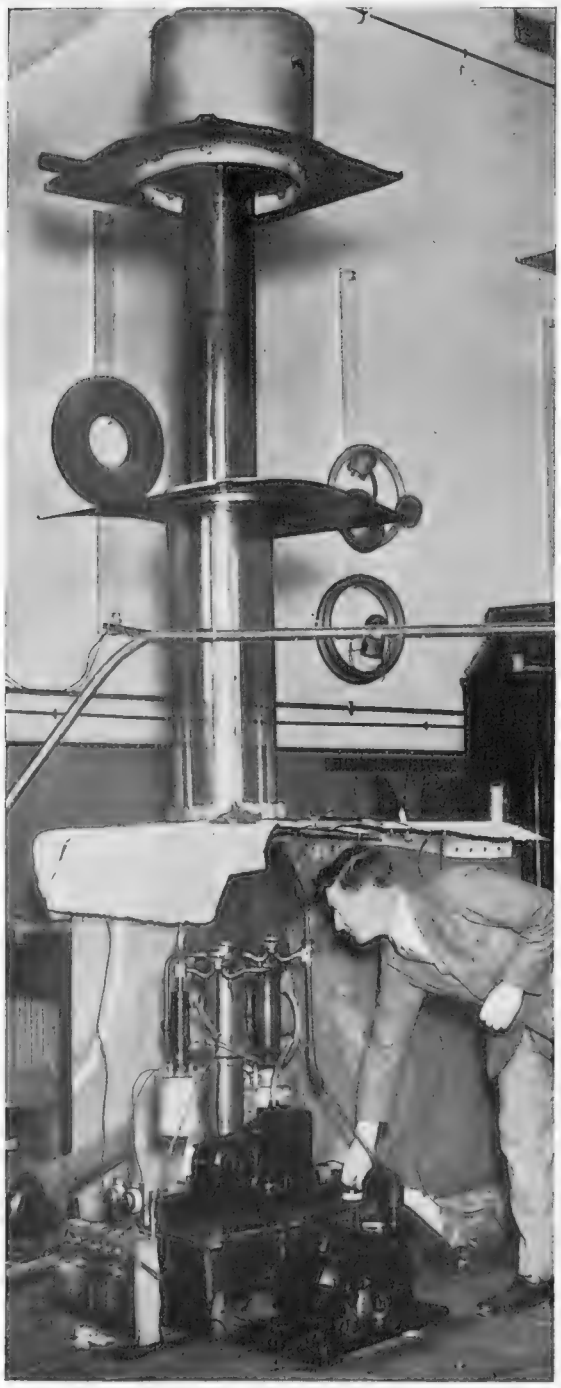




THE LARGEST OIL SWITCHES MADE IN BRITAIN: A three-phase Metrovick 800 amp., 161 KV oil-circuit breaker with a breaking capacity of 2½ million KVA., under construction by the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company. Each tank is 6 ft. 6 in. in diameter by 20 ft. high and contains 1,830 gallons of oil. *On right above* is the inset bushing

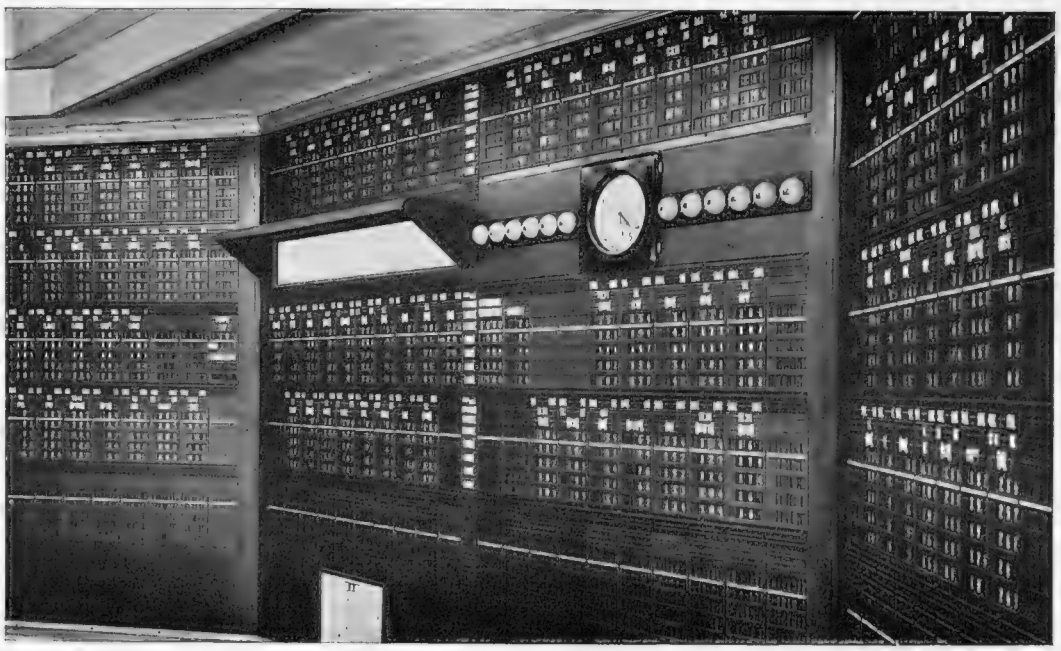
Ewing Galloway

THE WORLD'S LARGEST INCANDESCENT LAMP—it consumes the equivalent of 70 h.p. and gives as much light as a 3,400 watt lamp—in a new New York skyscraper



SPLITTING THE ATOM: Dr. Cockroft with the apparatus with which he and Dr. Walton, working on lines suggested by Lord Rutherford, achieved an interesting advance on this possibly dangerous road

TO TEST THE EYES: A novel refracting unit devised by a Hatton Garden firm. Every type of sight correction is automatically tested



Ewing Galloway

THE TELEREGISTER: A new board for recording stock and share transactions installed in many brokerage houses in America by the Teleregister Company over Western Union wire service. The figures change automatically as a sale in any given stock causes its price to fluctuate, and the alterations on the board are instantaneous upon the transaction

THE ENCHANTED SAND OF NEW MEXICO

Flanked by Arizona on the west and by Texas on the east is one of the parallelogram territories of the United States. It is known as New Mexico—part of its southern border marches with Mexico itself. This State of New Mexico is a land known intimately to but a few. Some of its more conspicuous rock-perched villages—its *mesas*—are more or less known by pictures and articles in a few travel books and magazines, but the white men with the capacity to observe and record, who have lived there in close contact with Indians and Mexicans, could be numbered on the hand. One of these is Mr. Donald J. Hall, who has just recorded his experiences in a very fascinating volume entitled *Enchanted Sand*, published by Methuen.

For reasons of health he and his young wife set out for Santa Fé by way of New York, Chicago, and the Topeka-Santa Fé Railway. Arriving with a very slender introduction which melted away in the dust of arrival, this adventurous pair are thrown on their own resources in a land of giant painted rocks and ancient people with strange customs of witchcraft and flagellation—the whole is occluded in an all-enveloping desert which induces an acquiescence of mental attitude unknown to the roaring civilization beyond. One of their first occupations was to run a minute wayside hostelry.

"Forty miles from Santa Fé, in the mountains on the west side of the Rio Grande valley, there was a rest house, Ka'po. We were to live there and supply food to those who came. It was well off the beaten track, being ten miles from a highway. Those who would come for food would be chance people crossing the mountains. . . .

"The road appeared to be taking us towards one of these cliffs, winding away, but drawn again to it irresistibly. We entered a dark pinewood, and on emerging found the yellow mass towering above us. It was exactly what I had always imagined Conan Doyle's Lost World to be. At first sight it was unscalable, a sheer wall some 400 feet high. It was impossible to say what was its shape, its ends seemed to curl away like a wall. . . .

"That night, when Henrietta was in bed, I went outside. Not a breath of wind stirred the branches of the black pines beside the cabin. The moon had risen, making the whole earth spectral. I saw with the eyes of a clairvoyant the plateau sloping away from me, the heavy desert below pallid with the agony of its secrets, the great Sangre de Cristo ermine-cloaked to hide its blood. And behind me that cliff, pitted like Gruyère with its ancient dwellings."

One day they witnessed the Indian dance pictured here. "Besides the buffalo heads, the dancers wore buckskin shirts and moccasins embroidered with beads. They carried bows and gourds in their hands. It is quite impossible to describe an Indian dance adequately. Most of the movements are incomprehensible to a white man. They are monotonous and, until you know something of the people, the dances seem all alike. But with that knowledge you begin to understand, not the individual movements, but the general impression that is intended. It is this power of suggesting, intensified by the monotonous rhythm, that finally brings the interpretation; it is not what you see, but what you feel that produces a real appreciation. This mystic quality comes from the core of religion which is in every dance, and it is that which thrills the senses."

On another occasion, alone with a single Indian, the author penetrates the interior of an Indian spirit house. "At last, rectangular and expressionless, it stood before us. There was no opening in its walls but a ventilation hole stuffed with a sack — Indian children are no less sacrilegious than white ones. A ladder led up to the roof, and the end of another leading to the interior was silhouetted against the blue sky." A dangerous adventure, this, but only one of many which enlivens this entertaining volume.

THE VALLEY OF THE MONUMENTS is one of the most striking scenes which the New Mexico desert gives to the stranger. They looked like guardians of a sacred shrine

A CLEVER INDIAN of New Mexico who used to mould pottery

A BUFFALO DANCE BY INDIANS AT SAN ILDEFONSO: There is a mystic quality about these dances one from another

THE DESERT OF THE APACHES is full of adventure for the stranger who ventures there in a car—patches of loose sand may be his undoing

TERRIFYING GIANT CACTUS: These giant pillars of green flesh present an uncanny appearance

THE KIVA OF SANTA CLARA, an Indian holy place into which no white man may enter. There is no opening in the walls

THE COME-BACK OF

IN THE DARK DAYS OF EXILE: The ex-Crown Prince at Wieringen in 1920, where he took up blacksmith work. A wit, last week, seeing this picture, which formed a front-page of "The Sphere" in that year, commented, "Even then he was 'forging' a new career"

"MARCH, 1919.

"It is evening. I have been wandering once more along the deserted and silent ways between the windswept and sodden meadows, through greyness and shadow.

"No human sound or sign. Only this sea wind driving at me and thrusting its fingers through my clothing. A March wind! Spring is near at hand. I have been here four months.

"On my return I find my companion waiting anxiously at the little wicket-gate of the garden. Had I been gone such a long time?

"I am now sitting in this small room of the Parsonage; the paraffin lamp is lighted; it smokes and smells a little, and the fire in the grate burns rather low and cheerless.

"Not a sound disturbs the silence, save this ceaseless moaning wind across the lonesome and slumbering island.

"Four months! With the best will to make the best of it, there was not much to be done. Distrust and reserve in everyone—among the fisherfolk and the peasants and among the tradespeople. A shy edging to one side as you came by: 'De kroonprins'—and that was as much as to say: 'That Boche—the murderer of Verdun, the libertine.' Nor was there any possibility of an explanation with them concerning this nonsense.

"As soon as it is dark (often at 4 p.m.) one crawls into bed and lies there sleepless to torture oneself with the same matters over and over again, and gets half mad with worrying over the questions: 'How did it all happen?' 'Where lies the blame?' 'How might one have done better?'"

Thus, the opening of the former Crown Prince's memoirs, begun out of the depths of that first grim winter on the little Dutch isle of Wieringen. It is doubtful if any Royal personage ever bit the dust as "Little Willie" was condemned to do that year. His father was almost lording it, by comparison, at Amerongen. Visitors passed regularly that way; the ex-Kaiser had a wife to comfort him—ailing it is true, and so speedily to be supplanted by another, just in William II's eternally restless way—and not long after the head of the House of Hohenzollern was already re-entering into possession of his temporarily mislaid goods and chattels, and that kept him busy, too, when he was not felling wood and reading prayers and sustaining as many trappings of majesty as were available. And there were never-ending "inquests," with faithful adherents, bearing on how the appalling thing all happened.

Now turn to Wieringen. "Little Willie" really did give the impression of having been completely and finally kicked into the gutter, as it were—forgotten, absolutely, for ever. If any gave thought to him it was usually to wonder if it would not have been much better for him to have gone forward into the front line that November day of reckoning and to have finished there, pistol in hand and facing in a direction perhaps not enough lusty young Hohenzollerns confronted during 1914–18.

But this funk-hole in Holland!

Or, then, perhaps there was occasion to give a thought to the outcast, the pariah, when one read of such matters arising as his extradition to the Allies on several charges, among them common thievery in Belgium, and that probably the least of the charges.

From the very start in August, 1914, the then Crown Prince had only been a target less aimed at than his parent, and round three-fourths of the earth. It is getting on for a generation ago now, and the younger people can hardly imagine the depth of the propaganda against "Big" and "Little" Willie. Oddly, a neutral, the cartoonist Raemackers, did most damage to the august pair; it was from Raemackers' brilliant if very pro-Ally crayon that the legend was launched and spread of the two "Willies" being little less than human monsters, baby-killers, and so on.

In all the circumstances, what has now come about in the case of the former Crown Prince can only be written down as the most surprising "come-back" in princely annals. To some of us the omens were apparent a year ago—I went to Berlin specially to try for an interview but was told that my subject would not speak, at the same time he promising not to speak with anybody else—yet even in exalted international strata in the German capital any question concerning the possibility of the ex-Crown Prince experiencing a revival in popular favour was simply pooh-poohed. "Little Willie" was a joke, apparently; had little personal dignity; ran after the ladies too openly—the same stories as of old.

We now see that he is far from being a joke, and it behoves us to enquire as impartially as possible into the reasons lying behind so striking a backing of the one-time national pariah.

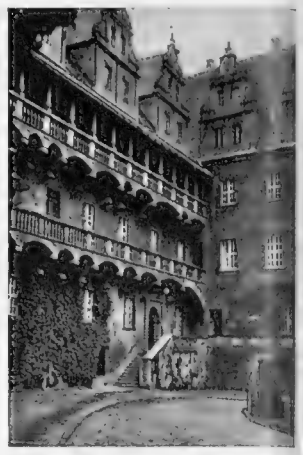
The actual situation seems to be that it yet lies in the lap of the gods whether the father or the son shall be resurrected, firstly, to the Kingdom of Prussia when the psychological moment is considered to have arrived. The rank and style of German Emperor is a different matter, might raise difficulties, and could wait. The strength of William II's position is chiefly that he did not abdicate. That was done for him in Berlin by Prince Max acting precipitately in conjunction with General Groener at the Spa end. The Kaiser that day, when one after the other of his generals shook their heads, even Hindenburg, merely expressed his willingness to abdicate his style of German Emperor provided sufficient evidence could be adduced that this act would prevent civil war in his native land. This was in writing and duly signed. But the King of Prussia was not involved in that offer at all. In the sequel, the ex-Emperor is able to sustain a full claim to his two crowns, which he did only the other day, once again, in a letter to some Hamburg sailors.

THE MONARCHIST IN THE CABINET: General von Schleicher, whose entire influence is Junker and whose appointment bodes well for the restoration of the House of Hohenzollern

I understand the fact to be that the Barons and Junkers and generals, and all the rest currently in the ascendancy in the Reich, would not vote against standing by the seventy-four-year-old monarch, with such dire history wrapped about him; but that, at the same time, they should *prefer* the candidacy of the ex-Crown Prince, this being judged more in keeping with the times and less surrounded by failure and tragedy on the gigantic scale. They can, however, do nothing about this preference unless William II comes forward on his own volition. At present, the chances are all against the ex-Supreme War Lord being accommodating.

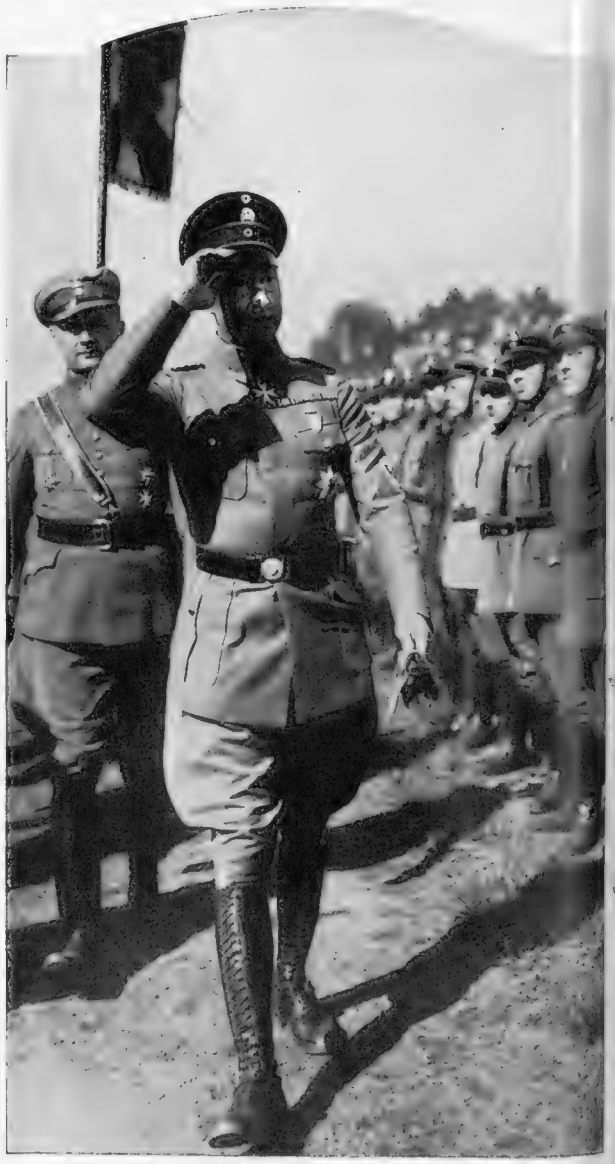
Turning to "Little Willie" he did renounce his claims. He tells of the circumstance in a mournful page of one of his books, while not explaining how he came to take the step. Naturally, though, he could be reinstated. Just now, everywhere he goes in Berlin he is received with rejoicing; he even walks abroad in his old Death's Head Hussar kit . . . as if one ever thought to see that again so soon in Germany—and on a Royal head. But there—the former Crown Prince has definitely made headway and on a wide scale. I have been seeking to note down the causes of this and would put firstly his book, *I Seek the Truth*, published five years ago. This effort never received the attention in England that it deserved, for the reason that we were, and presumably remain, genuinely tired of the subject treated throughout—the matter of German War Guilt. But Germans are not a bit tired of the topic; indeed, it is a leading one throughout the Fatherland, and in making himself its champion "Little Willie" unquestionably put himself to the fore as a serious-minded person. I have the book here. Some of it is laughable; a good deal rings justified and true, fourteen years after the catastrophe. The principal thing the ex-Crown Prince holds must be removed before there is any real hope of a quiescent Europe is this article of the Versailles Treaty:

"The Allied and Associated Governments affirm and Germany accepts the responsibility of Germany and her allies for causing all the loss and damage to which the Allied and Associated Governments and their nationals have been subjected as a consequence of the war imposed upon them by the aggression of Germany and her allies."



THE ESTATE: Castle Oels, near Breslau, Silesia, where the ex-Crown Prince now lives

Of course France and others are



A PATRIOTIC DISPLAY—Stahlhelm, Nazi or anything else can count upon the support of the ex-Crown Prince's presence at the very least. "Little Willie" has modelled his post-War behaviour almost identically upon that of two beloved members of our own Royal House

GERMANY'S CROWN PRINCE

From the Depths of Ignominy and Exile, Friedrich Wilhelm, Prince of Hohenzollern, Bids Fair Once More to Impose (though on Constitutional Lines) His House upon the Germanies

By FERDINAND TUOHY

not going to wipe this rather overdone stigma so readily and easily out; since from it derives the moral sanction of the whole treaty including reparations and the colonies and Dantzig and Upper Silesia. The Germans know that if this stigma is withdrawn they, in their turn, can make hay with what survives of Versailles.

THE SQUIRE: The ex-Crown Prince in the type of clothes he wears at his country seat at Oels

Secondly, the monarchist revival is explained by the truth—which Ludendorff once shouted at me in his Munich villa—that Germans "have monarchy in the marrow of their bones." They have. They miss the parading and the colour and the martial airs and all the glamour of Court life as they miss the notion of looking up to One Hereditary Person. The children of post-War Germany have for the most part had the Kaiser Bild permanently over their cots and beds. I was once told 10,000,000 of these pictures had been printed.

Thirdly, "Little Willie" has been able to throw discredit on several of the least attractive War tales put about concerning him. Thus, it manifestly is rubbish to call him "the laughing murderer of Verdun," or, alternately, "the butcher" of that place. One might just as well refer to "the grim old murderer of Artois" with reference to Foch. The ex-Crown Prince says he can't help looking gay, and that he even managed to give that impression at Wieringen. As for his part at Verdun, it is historically conceded (even in Paris) that he was out and out for calling the attack off after it had failed in its opening stage. But Falkenhayn insisted otherwise.

THE REFUTATION OF SCANDAL: The alleged Gallic gaiety of the ex-Crown Prince is scarcely even a plausible rumour, since he is seldom seen without his wife, who has clung to him through all his vicissitudes in actual life—*and* in the popular imagination

Similarly, the former Crown Princess's readiness to be with her husband on all occasions in latter years has necessarily given the lie to the popular representation of that gentleman as a libertine. "Little Willie" is now a white-haired paterfamilias of fifty, with six growing or grown children, and when he isn't in Berlin up to his neck in politics he is managing his estate at Oels, in Silesia. Like all the princes, he managed to salve considerable property from a generous Republic.

I said "up to his neck in politics." Of course, he is that. He promised Stresemann, in writing, that he'd never engage in them, but the letter is not to be found, and there's a suspicion that the monarchist Stresemann took it with him to the tomb. So "Little Willie" smiles—and attends all the best Nazi and Nationalist reunions, where he is the centre of admiration, even with Hitler present. For it must be said that the much-slandered one has a certain way with him, not unlike that of a second Prince. He has always interested himself in things at first hand—once he took a course of journalism for a year—and manages to "get down" to the throng. And he is a man of many recreations including the violin, sketching, writing, and half-a-dozen forms of sport. In sum: it is inconceivable that he really was the criminal half-wit we were led to despise during the War. If only for the fact, stated at length in his memoirs, that he learnt his lessons in life and living from Edward VII, who apparently had considerable affection for his grand-nephew, "Little Willie" can never have been all black. How libellous the tales have been about him was instanced once again a short while back when a surviving Indian official gave the lie direct to a particularly offensive story put in circulation in some ducal memoirs.

So we see the outcast of Wieringen approaching the crest of the wave, the "War criminal" whose blood we urgently wanted hardly more than a decade ago.

The obvious corollary to this inquiry is: What kind of a monarch would the former Crown Prince make if called to the throne these disordered times? Would he be the Bourbon? He states fairly and squarely that he is for a Constitutional Monarchy on the same lines as our own.

It is only when one reads into his literary efforts, notably *I Seek the Truth*, that misgivings arise. This man holds that the overrunning of Belgium was justified, and that we who once Copenhagen-d Denmark should be the last to object. He says Bismarck was right in taking Alsace-Lorraine in that that territory belonged to Germany 200 years earlier. He says, in justification of Austria's descent on Serbia after the Serajevo murders, that had a Prince and Princess of Wales been assassinated in South Africa the British Fleet would have proceeded to the Cape and done far more than ever the Dual Monarchy did. He insists that Bismarck never pressed France

THE SPORTSMAN: Motor-cycling provided the ex-Crown Prince with a pastime at Wieringen, an occupation which alternated with sketching, writing, and smith work. Nowadays politics and the management of his estate at Oels are his chief interests in life

towards war in 1875, when Queen Victoria had to busy herself in order to stop what was so patently brewing. And he holds that Germany's entire policy for fifty years was pacific.

This fixed idea he carries forward in the now accustomed manner of pointing at Poincaré and Iswolski as the real culprits and pan-Slavism as the curse of pre-War days. He admits that Germany was pressing in every direction, but claims that she had a healthy right to do so. She had merely come late on the scene when all the best parts of the earth had been grabbed by others—and why shouldn't she try a grab, too? This kind of reasoning one can accept in mitigation of German guilt, but too much has come out in authentic memoirs—such as the Buelow papers—to absolve the pre-War German Government from *a major portion of the blame*. The actual percentage may never be known—one has heard it put at 40 per cent. Allied, 60 per cent. Central Empires—and it is doubtful if the slightest good would come of bringing War Guilt up before the World Court since that would reopen the worst sore in all history.

If "Little Willie" really desires to be accepted as a possibility for a sometime throne by the late Allies and Associates, and this would obviously be of the first importance, perhaps he would be wise to let sleeping guilts lie on for the ultimate verdict of history and concentrate on more living matters. He has without doubt come far better through post-War memoirs than his harum-scarum parent, who I don't believe any of us in foreign parts would like to see back!

THE EX-KAISER must resign his claims before, constitutionally, the ex-Crown Prince can "take over"—an improbable contingency. But constitutions are not inviolate

JULY DAYS AND NIGHTS at the ZOO

THE MOUNTAIN OX OF THE HIMALAYAN HINTERLAND: The Tibetan yaks with their baby—one of the first of the species to be born in captivity. The "calf" was three days old when this picture was secured

GOOD *NIGHT* TO ALL THAT! Bill, the leopard, finds his existence one of insupportable ennui and with an eloquent yawn prepares to sleep till Doomsday—or teatime!

"WHO'S BEEN SITTING ON MY CHAIR?" Four bear cubs that might well have stepped straight out of the old tale of *Goldilocks*, who have taken up their residence on the Mappin Terraces

"PLEASED TO HAVE YOU KNOW ME!" Andy the Walrus graciously extends a friendly if patronizing flipper to a young admirer. Though short on good looks, Andy is long on charm and popularity

THE FIRST-BORN IN CAPTIVITY: The big horn sheep with her baby May, who was two days old when the picture was taken. The babies at the Zoo always prove popular among all types of visitors

YOUTH in the PARK

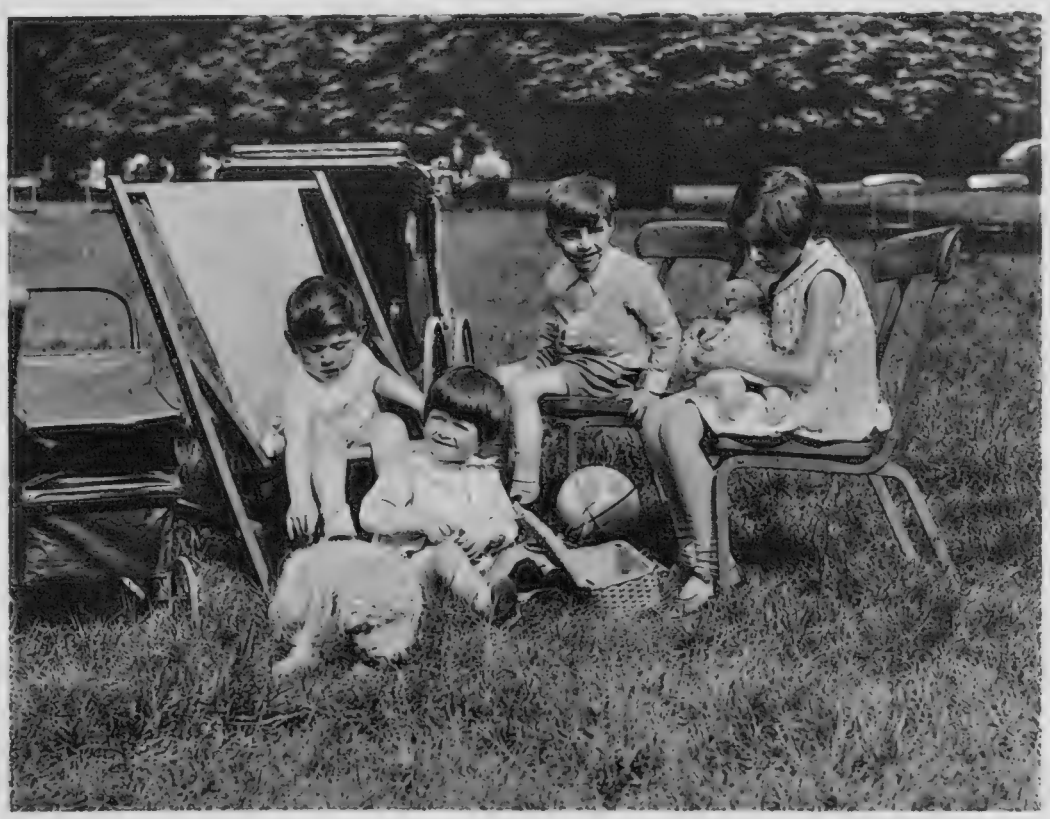
THE INNOCENCE OF CHILDHOOD: An enchantingly naïve study of Miss Mary Cumming in the Children's Paradise, Kensington Gardens

SUN-BATHING IN AN ENGLISH SUMMER! Backless kit, bathing suits, and bare legs are quite *de rigueur* among the more modern parents' children

THE GAME OF THE HOUR: Yo-yo gives nurses a rest and the children an enthralling pastime

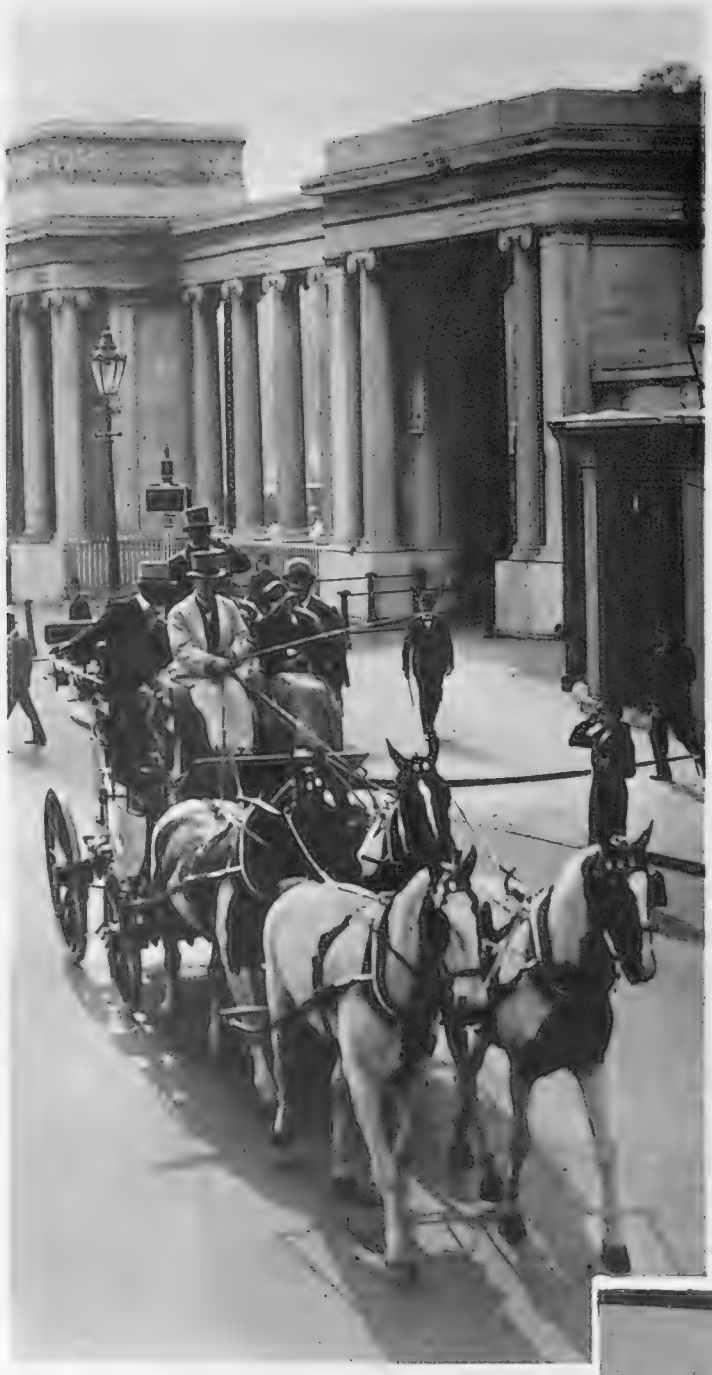
SCIONS OF AMERICA: Miss Louise, Miss Mary, and Miss Cora Goold, the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Goold. Mr. Goold is the American Consul-General in Syria. The three charming children are seen playing beneath the elms of Kensington Gardens

THE RACE: Master Nigel Vernon, Master Peter Sorrel, Master David Robertson-Macdonald, Miss Diana Vernon, and Master Derek Peter Levy emerging at top speed from the shade into the sun. Three wheels, two wheels, and six legs all keep up a fair turn of speed!



"WITH FRIENDS": Master Michael Salmon, Master Timothy Halford, Master Michael Prince, and Miss Elizabeth Prince with a dog, a doll, and a ball in Kensington Gardens

PHANTASM



SUNSHINE AND SHADOW at Hyde Park Corner. The famous four-in-hand *Greyhound* is seen contrasting with a modern mail van

FURS IN SUMMER were visible even at blazing Ascot, though not always so chicly applied as this

REHEARSAL for the Golden Holiday Ball at the Park Lane. Miss M. Kenny, Miss P. Hobson, and Miss V. Graham are seen above

THE DRESS PARADE at Ascot was one of the most brilliant ever recorded, a feature of the meeting by no means limited to the Royal Enclosure and the more expensive stands—proof of the smartness of English women

Above centre—THE PRINCE A school from the town to K

THE YOUNG IDEA was vocif conjurer) held at the Duk

MAGORIA of the SEASON

AT SHREWSBURY to mark the 50th anniversary of the moving of the to Kingsland. The boats of the rowing school formed a guard of honour. H.R.H. fittingly wore a "boater"

vociferous, as may clearly be seen, at the Children's Garden Party (with a Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, in aid of the Duchess of York's Maternity Clinic of the Royal Free Hospital

THE PRINCE AT LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBS., with Lord Marshall. *Above on left* the boys at the Squash Courts' opening by the Prince

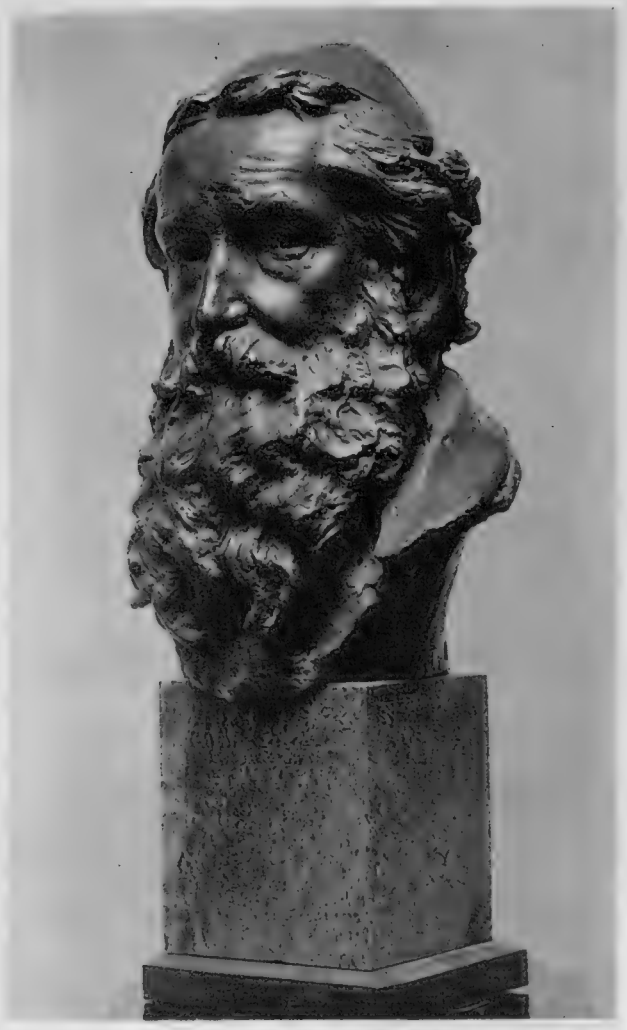
MODES OF THE MOMENT: A composite photographic vision of the Royal Race Meeting

SCULPTURE

And Historic Portraiture

"THE LIBERATOR": The statue in forceful bronze of Daniel O'Connell, by A. O'Connor, unveiled in Dublin a few days ago

"COMEDY AND TRAGEDY"



"HEAD OF ROBERT GLASBY"

Two examples of the art of Sir Alfred Gilbert, R.A., in the exhibition of his works at the Fine Art Society. The one on the left was shown in the R.A. of '92

BY BENEDETTO DA MAJANO: A painted terra-cotta bust, fourteen-and-a-half inches high, of a saint sold at Christies last week

BY J. A. HOUDON: A plaster bust fifteen inches high. The frilled mob cap is executed with consummate artistry. Just sold at Christies

JULIUS CÆSAR—OR NOT: The famous British Museum bust of Cæsar has been found by the consensus of expert opinion to be eighteenth century work based, probably, on coin portraiture

The best known of the busts of Julius Cæsar has recently been acknowledged by the British Museum to be not, as was believed by the layman, a contemporary portrait in marble, but a work of the eighteenth century, based probably on a coin. It has been removed from the Classical Department of the Museum. An amusing facet of this "discovery" is to be found in the fact that the latest monograph on Cæsar — by Colonel John Buchan, M.P.—has this portrait bust as its frontispiece

O

GEORGE WASHINGTON: A portrait by Gilbert Stuart just sold at Sothebys. A slightly different expression from more familiar portraits

BY JOHN HOPPNER: A portrait from the Bennett collection sold at the Anderson Galleries, New York, which fetched a thousand pounds

MR. UPTON SINCLAIR, who has brought his strong pen to bear on Britain in *Candid Reminiscences* (Werner Laurie)

THE HON. ROBERT GATHORNE-HARDY, whose new novel, *The House by the Bay*, is published by Collins

Raphael

MR. PHILIP HUGHES, the author of *Night Girl*, published at the end of last month by Hutchinson

MR. DONALD J. HALL, the author of the Methuen publication, *Enchanted Sand*, a striking work on New Mexico, excerpts from which appear on p. 13

MR. CECIL HUNT, whose "Howler" compilations are famous, has just had his first novel, *Old Barty*, published by Ward Lock

BOOKS:

D. H. Lawrence Awarded Another Undeserved Apotheosis: The Magic of Morton: Yates Goes to Austria: A Superb Animal Story.

By CECIL ROBERTS

The death of D. H. Lawrence has brought forth a number of biographical studies of this novelist which have been marked alike by various degrees of hysteria. It seems impossible for Lawrence's admirers to write about him with moderation or any sense of humour. If you will not grant off-hand that he is immortal, the greatest product of our age, then you are worse than a nincompoop, you are one of those vile, obtuse, and vicious slanderers who, in the name of decency, making of it a cloak for your foul disposition, persecuted a noble man. We were assured by one famous lady that Lawrence's death was the greatest loss civilization has sustained for two thousand years, and a certain young critic, no longer young and no longer critical, who wrote pompous monographs to clear his confused head, suddenly recovered from his neglectful and callous treatment of a necessitous Lawrence and rushed to bask in the glamour of the dead. He is well castigated in *The Savage Pilgrimage*, by Catherine Carswell (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.).

Mrs. Carswell writes so extremely well, and is so adept at constructing drama out of what was little more than a sordid muddle, that one has to be on the alert against her persuasiveness. For she is of the Lawrentian school, but the suspension (or is it the absence?) of her critical judgment is most seductively achieved. At the very end of an engrossing study of perversity, stupid butting against the obdurate facts and the basic sanity of humanity, Mrs. Carswell goes the way of the Wests, Murrys, and Aldingtons; your head is left bloody if unbowed. At the close of her study Mrs. Carswell, a firm friend in the hour of darkness, and therefore entitled to be heard at the apotheosis, says: "On the 2nd March, 1930, in his forty-fifth year, died this great English writer and Englishman of destiny."

What this splendid phrase means I know not. It is as noisily blatant as a brass gong and leaves a similar dead silence. I deny that he was ever a great English writer. He did strange and wonderful things with the English language; he used it subtly, he made it twist and squirm and hiss venom on what he disapproved, but he bore as little resemblance to an English writer as a snake-charmer does to a taxidermist. He was obsessed by a fleshly computation of human motives, the words "potent" and "thigh" bespattered his pages as though his pen were a machine-gun playing on human flesh. His philosophy, in so far as incoherent and choleric thought can be dignified by that term, was destructive, not with a motive of reconstruction but from the driving of a demon that held an innate talent in its pathological clutches. He was a figure to be pitied, as all gifts doomed to frustration are to be pitied. But fury and courage do not constitute greatness. Some isolated passages of splendid prose illumine the tumescence of his books. We are assured he was not pornographic in intention. One reluctantly accepts this, but his paintings, his poems, and his prose prove that if he created without intention of outraging opinion then his was a mind obsessed and beyond control. The facts of his private life give colour to this. What would be the end of Society, the path of the vehicles of daily usage, if we ignored laws and obligations as Lawrence ignored them? He deliberately threw up a secure and useful means of livelihood as a school teacher when nothing justified such a step, and, pleading the divine right of the artist to do as he would while others did as they must, thought it their duty and privilege to support him. He took away the wife of his benefactor, though in this she readily acquiesced owing to her remarkable nature, objected to her seeing her children, and led her such a life of irritation that at one moment she crashed a plate over his head. He believed, paradoxically enough, in fidelity, except for aberrations that were more puzzling than open infidelity, as, for example, that ill-starred attempt to found a blood-brothership with a mystified Cornish peasant.

Nor in the realm which practical experience should have made him level-headed did he show reason. I know well the Notts coalfields amid which he was born and reared, and shall never forget the ludicrous essay he wrote on the reform of colliery life. His ideas would have been inapplicable in Mars, let alone on Earth. He gave to the world a monstrous libel of his father, and through him, of the collier, making out that he was a brutal sot, whereas he was a sensitive man, the best type of his class. But to literary critics, with a fine scorn for conventional life, all these aspects of Lawrence's perversity mean nothing. They find it possible to believe in and applaud Lady Chatterley, her preposterous gamekeeper, and Lawrence's crude, revolting daubs, because after the enervation of high thinking the functioning of sudatory glands suggests virility. Even so, had Lawrence been right in drawing in his characterization his fantastic philosophy might have been endured had it the force of consistency. He is lauded because he is obscure and his pundits know they can sound wise without contradiction.

It is dangerous to prophesy, and the nature of the prophecies concerning him is deadly. It reveals an intoxication that suspends the function of reason. As an instance a quotation from Mrs. Carswell will suffice. She was a loyal, level-headed friend, she had an intuitive instinct and an engaging style, and yet, at the outset, she is so hypnotized by the process of apotheosis that she can write as follows, without a vestige of humour or a sense of the ludicrous, about Lawrence who every day sent off letters of an explosive quality . . . "to a wayward and uncertain and beautiful woman with features like those of a handsome creature of the wilds. It was as when a friend once introduced Lawrence to a tame fox that was his pet, Lawrence would not rest till he had found some touch that made the pet forget his tameness. Frieda had a nose like a puss fox, so fine and tremulous about the nostrils, and her eyes might be the eyes of a lioness in a lady. It was not for nothing Lawrence's mind often ran upon poachers—and gamekeepers."

Alas! it was not. "At times even Frieda feared that he was mad, declared that she would have to leave him, and shouted at him that she hated all his writings now." Poor, brave fellow! He wrestled with something beyond his control which destroyed him as a writer and destroyed him as a man. As the years passed he grew more chaotic, more determined to outrage the world, and he burnt himself out in a useless passion. Mrs. Carswell has written an impressive book. Lawrence will not find a better interpreter. The savage pilgrimage ended in a savage tragedy. The man crucified himself, and left no message for the hearts of men.

It is not difficult to understand the immense hold that Mr. H. V. Morton has got on the travelling public. All his most engaging qualities of poetry, sympathy, insight, and rapture are present in *In Search of Wales* (Methuen. 7s. 6d.), which now joins the very popular gallery of his work. He has made the guide-book a vehicle of literature. He has made this book so good that one wonders whether the joy he gives one in reading about Wales, its history, scenery, people, social problems and traditions, is not greater than one could gain by seeing Wales. One passage serves to explain Mr. Morton's grip on his reader, "If the day ever comes when I am too old to sing to myself when I am alone on the road, or to feel slightly cold down the back when I meet an apple tree, pink and white in a green field, I hope I shall have sense enough to stay at home; at least it would serve me right to be packed off to the South of France (from which Heaven save me!) like an old bloodhound in a plaid rug." Little escapes him. He knows the milk allowance of the colliery cat, the grim outlook of the pit boy, and puts a new aspect on the dole. The Welsh use their voices as ladders to Heaven, he tells us, and out of the darkness of the pit gushes forth a stream of song. If you have not made up your mind where to go this summer this delightful book will settle the problem.

Modern fiction seems to have selected Austria for its field of venture, and now Mr. Dornford Yates goes picking the autumn crocus there in *Safe Custody* (Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d.). It would not matter, of course, where Mr. Yates went he would find spirited adventure. His latest excursion is good from the first assault to the last. The treasure of Pope Alexander VI is buried in an Austrian castle. It has been in safe custody for four hundred years. Hubert Constable and his cousin become heirs to the Schloss, with strict instructions not to part with it. Within twelve hours of arriving in the vicinity they are knocked senseless. The amazing and breathless incidents that follow reveal Mr. Yates at the top of his form. His humour and resource never desert him, and his disposition of the villains in the hour when all seemed lost is as original as it is perfect. A most capital yarn.

I always enjoy a really good animal story. Kipling has set such a high standard that it is difficult to excel in his wake, but I have to confess that with his *Shaitan* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) Mr. C. T. Stoneham has written a dog story that does not suffer in comparison with the creator of the Kim stories. Here is a dog that deserts its master in the wilds of Tanganyika, and finds itself in a stern battle for existence among the denizens of the wilds. Mr. Stoneham has an amazing knowledge of the African scene and the lives of wild animals. He has also the power to depict and dramatize this scene, and his story of Wolf, the wolfhound puppy, never loses the quality of suspense right up to a pathetic end. The beauty and terror of the tropical night, together with the habits of lion and buffalo and the cruelty of man, are most vividly and memorably presented.

In all my travels one of the most impressive things I have seen is the Greek temple at Segesta in Sicily. In its majesty, its complete desertion on the mountain side, dominating the wild valley, the memorial of forgotten divinities, it creates absolute beauty. I am glad to be confirmed in this impression by M. Gabriel Faure, who writes the text to the *Sicily* (7s. 6d.) in the Medici Society Picture Guides. This number of the series is an exquisite volume dealing with a superb island. Over one hundred photogravure pictures are accompanied by excellent text. I have learned something I did not know, despite wide wanderings in this enchanted island—the Ragusa from which our asphalt is derived is not the Ragusa of Yugoslavia, but of Sicily.

They say the cinema is killing the puppet show of Palermo. I hope these shows will not be allowed to vanish. I knew the proprietor of one who could repeat the whole of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and who was the tenth descendant in the tradition of a Sicilian puppet show, which still reflects the medieval history of the island.

TYPICAL SHEILINGS OF THE HEBRIDES, a form of architecture fast vanishing on the mainland, seen on the romantic isle of South Uist

THE WESTERN ISLES
And How to See Them

THE OUTER HEBRIDES: A glimpse of South Uist divided by South Ford from North Uist

Fifty miles west of the mainland of Scotland the Outer Hebrides rise from the Atlantic. They lie from north-east to south-west, forming a long chain of islands and, because they are so close together, have sometimes been called the Long Island.

To those who love the wild face of Nature the Outer Hebrides must appeal with great force. I can imagine no person being indifferent to them. Either he must fall beneath their spell or, having arrived upon them, he must wish himself far from their windy borders.

Here are Atlantic rollers, mile after mile of smooth white sands and, rising from the east of the islands, a chain of stately peaks, often cloud-swept, sometimes blue with an unbelievable blueness, and when bathed in the light of the setting sun the home of beauty and mystery.

It is curious that people should be ready to travel to lands as far removed as Norway and Iceland to see the beauty of hill, sea, and fjord, and yet should be unfamiliar with the charm of a group of isles lying much nearer their doors. It may be that they have been deterred in the past by difficulties of transit, but now that David MacBrayne's company have placed two commodious and up-to-date vessels on the service between the mainland of Scotland and the Outer Isles these difficulties have vanished.

The voyager to the Outer Hebrides can either make the journey from Oban to Barra (the most southerly of the isles) by way of Mull, Coll, and Tiree, or he can sail from Mallaig or Kyle of Loch Alsh to the central and north-lying islands of the group. It is possible to leave King's Cross on a Sunday evening, reach Mallaig next morning after a comfortable night journey, and be at Loch Boisdale (the port of North Uist) in time for an early supper. Loch Maddy (the port for North Uist) is reached some three hours later. On Mondays the mail boat sails south-about from Mallaig; on Wednesdays and Fridays she sails north-about from Kyle of Loch Alsh, which is reached via Inverness by the L.M.S. Railway. From Kyle the vessel sails along the east coast of Skye and calls at Tarbert (Harris), Loch Maddy, and Loch Boisdale, reaching Mallaig the following morning in time for the south-going train. In addition to what is usually known as the Outer Islands boat, a fine new vessel, the *Loch Ness*, leaves Kyle of Loch Alsh daily for Stornoway, in the Isle of Lewis, on the arrival of the morning mail train at Kyle.

It is possible to sail across the Minch to Stornoway, motor from Lewis to Harris (for Lewis and Harris together form one large island), and from Rodil or Obbe cross the Sound of Harris by boat to North Uist. Crossing North Uist by car the traveller may then drive in a horse-drawn vehicle across the North Ford to Benbecula at low tide, and then across the South Ford to South Uist. Driving by car through South Uist he may cross the Sound of Barra by boat to Barra, and thus may see the whole of the Long Island with only a few miles of sea passage across sheltered sounds.

CONTACT WITH MODERN CIVILIZATION: An Hebridean Post Office with its solitary telegraph pole

The accommodation in the isles is both clean and comfortable. In Stornoway there are a number of hotels. There is a well-run hotel at Tarbert (Harris), and another at Rodil, also in Harris. In North Uist the chief hotel is at Loch Maddy. In Benbecula there is a hotel. The principal hotel at South Uist is in Loch Boisdale, and there are inns at Carnan, at the north end of the island, and at Pollachar on the Sound of Barra. On Barra there is an hotel at Castle Bay.

The motor-car has now penetrated to all the Outer Hebrides, the last of the isles to use it being Benbecula. Motorists, greatly daring, have driven their cars at low tide across the South Ford from South Uist to Benbecula. One motorist even essayed the passage at night but became "bogged" through driving off the almost indistinguishable track. He had perforce to abandon his car, and at daybreak saw a 14-ft. deep green tidal stream flowing above where his car rested on the bed of the sea. When the tide receded the car was rescued and to-day is running as well as ever.

Seton Gordon.

THE BEAUTY OF LAKE LUGANO — On the borders of Switzerlan This enchantin

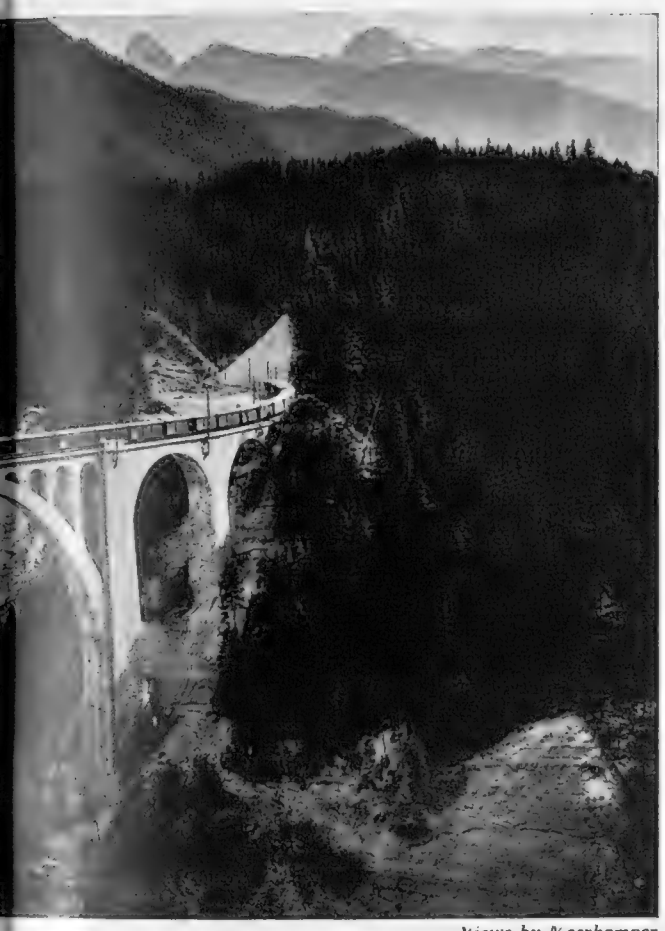
THE WIESEN VIADUCT. — The Rhætian Railway, the longes scenery and bridges

Seton Gordon

"MINISTER'S PULPIT" at Oban, whence one takes ship (by one route) for the Hebrides, those superb and fjord-fretted isles

OF TRAVEL

nd Italy this charming lake presents the most exqu'site vistas espect of the lake appears near Castagnola



Views by Meerkamper

narrow gauge railway in Switzerland, covers exquisile superb design, the finest of which appears above

Sasha

M. V. *GEORGIC*, the new White Star liner, sister ship to the *Britannic*,—an impression of the view from the captain's bridge

NEW PLEASURE LINERS for Luxurious Ocean Travel

For those who prefer a voyage abroad by sea with every comfort combined with speed, the new vessels illustrated herein afford their passengers ideal conditions on the water.

It may here be mentioned that, through the serious depression in the shipbuilding industry, the construction of the pleasure type vessel for ocean-going service has been practically at a standstill, and during this year only two exceptionally large liners have been completed and put into service (apart from the smaller type for short trips abroad).

The first worthy of special comment is the M.V. *Georgic*, belonging to the White Star Line, and for service between this country and the United States. It is Britain's latest and largest motor liner, and a sister ship to the M.V. *Britannic*, owned by the same company, and built by the well-known shipbuilding firm of Messrs. Harland and Woolf, London and Belfast. The vessel is, without doubt, the last word in luxury travel, possessing a gymnasium, cocktail bar, swimming-pool, lavishly equipped hair-dressing saloons, palm courts, etc. A successful trial trip was recently carried out from Belfast to Liverpool, prior to her maiden voyage to New York on June 25. Amongst the guests present on this trial voyage were Sir E. J. Clarke, director of Harland and Woolf, London, Sir George Higgins, C.B.E. of Lloyds, Sir Wm. McLintock, C.B.E., etc., Mr. Lucien Memminger, American Consul-General at Belfast, and the Right Hon. H. M. Pollock, P.C., J.P., Minister of Finance for Northern Ireland.

Sasha

THE LAST WORD IN LUXURY: The impressive long lounge aboard M. V. *Georgic*

Below Deck A are four continuous decks, on which is the accommodation for the passengers and crew.

The ship is fitted to carry:

643 cabin passengers,
248 tourist passengers,
122 third-class passengers.

This division is variable. In practice, 160 tourist berths are, according to need, transformable into third class.

A great proportion of the cabins have private bathrooms, and all the offices of the cabin and tourist cabins have hot and cold water.

Forward on the great sun-deck is the wireless room, sports hall, hydro-therapeutic apparatus and shooting range.

In the grand saloon the ensemble is conceived in the spirit of the seventeenth century style. The ceiling was done by Rapin. A large tapestry in the background of the saloon, designed by Goudissart, represents the arrival at Quebec, and shows Frontenac Castle and the famous Dufferin Terrace.

There is a fine children's dining-room on board this vessel, decorated with painted and spotted tapestries. their nursery is very bright, and is decorated by panels in marquetterie depicting toys, the ensemble being in blue and pink.

It is learned that a further big liner is at present in the shipyard, and will be named the *Neptunix*, which in three months' time will, it is hoped, be ready for service to South America. F. G. B.

Sasha

THE COCKTAIL BAR is a popular place on any vessel. This shows that on board the new White Star liner, M.V. *Georgic*

As to the efficient and fast service carried out by the White Star liners it is interesting to note that the M.V. *Britannic* completed the ocean crossing in 6 days 8 hours 53 min., thus breaking her previous record by 3 hours and 20 min. The American custom of travellers bringing their own motor-cars for touring purposes showed itself on this vessel, for ten cars were landed at the Prince's stage. As soon as the necessary formalities were completed passengers drove away direct from the ship to various parts of England and Scotland.

The other vessel is the turbine ship, *Champlain*, the largest, fastest, and finest cabin liner afloat. This steamer has nine decks of which five are continuous, the highest of the continuous decks being Deck A.

Above Deck A is situated the central castle, consisting of three partial decks—the promenade-deck, whose forward end is 80 ft. from the stem. Above that is the boat-deck, commencing 96 ft. from the stem. Above this deck is the lower sun-deck, which is 7 ft. shorter than the boat-deck. The top sun-deck is the same size as this. Above the upper sun-deck is the navigating bridge.

Clarles E. Brown

THE SINGLE FUNNEL of the French liner *Champlain*, contains a staircase and the children's playroom in addition to performing its usual function

"OUT OF THE BOTTLE!" Messrs. Arthur Riscoe and Clifford Mollison find a new use for a water-bottle, other than warming the bed, in the Julian Wylie musical pantomime founded on Anstey's fantasy that is crowding the Hippodrome

PLAYS of

Noise and Two High Lights i
Pinero Still Going Strong : Frenc

By PHILIP

Mr. Dion Titheradge, author of *Fanfare*, the new revue at the vast Prince Edward Theatre, writes in a programme note of how some months ago he sat, with Mr. John Murray Anderson, the revue producer, "on the terrace of my villa at Cap Ferrat. The sun was shining brilliantly, and a soft breeze stole across the blue sea to ruffle the golden blossoms of the mimosa." All of which proves that there is something to be said for being a writer of revue sketches, and as a piece of fine writing it is not at all bad.

But if the sun was shining brilliantly when this revue was being hatched, Mr. Titheradge was not. The collection of one-act pieces which peppered a fortissimo evening were singularly pointless, and if *Fanfare* contained one witty line, I did not hear it. We had, therefore, to rely for enjoyment largely on knockabout nonsense, gorgeous spectacle, and—noise.

I will take the noise first, simply because it was overwhelming and came near to deadening the faculties for the appreciation of what is good, in this revue—and there are some things that are decidedly good. The main scheme is the production of a journal called *Fanfare*. We see its proprietor, its editorial staff, and its reporters.

Some few years ago there was a journal which bore the provocative title *Blast*, which is a pity, for that title would have been a more appropriate name for the revue. Never, surely, did brass blare and drums beat in so maddening a fashion. If Mr. Titheradge did not long for a Cap Ferrat villa after ten minutes of it I most certainly did; and the conviction grew upon me that if it is hardly true that none but the brave deserve the *Fanfare*, I am sure that none but the brave could endure for long that horrifying din. Yet it may have had its uses. The quack dentist at a country fair used to employ a brass band to drown his patient's cries of agony.

Mr. Joe Cook, the new comedian from America, contrived, amid a record number of contraptions, to be painfully unfunny. I fear I have never been an admirer of what are professionally known as "prop. comedians." One does not find really funny men, English or American, concerning themselves with articles that make comic noises or sail unexpectedly into the air; with the doffing of innumerable overcoats: with elaborate machinery that with slow labour evolves humour that is mechanical in only too lateral a sense. Mr. Cook has many assets—he can dance and juggle and do all manner of entertaining things except the one important thing that the occasion demanded. And apart from his grotesque "feeders" there are no other comedians in the show.

Fortunately, there is a comedienne, and a great one—Miss Violet Loraine. Although not well provided for, except that Mr. Philip Braham has given her a fine song in *Home Again*, she fought her way good-humoredly through the evening. Slim and handsome, "Vi" is the same lovable person who cheered us in *The Bing Boys* when, heaven knows, we needed cheering. A great performance.

June's private life, which has become so very public, has caused a degree of attention to be focused on her which her achievements as an artiste do not, perhaps, warrant. But she is beyond a doubt a most exquisite dancer and graceful and goodly to look at.

Clever dancing came also from the Condos Brothers, and I enjoyed the mercifully quiet charm of another of John Murray Anderson's fairy stories—a picturesque episode founded on Oscar Wilde's *The Nightingale and the Rose*. But it is a pity that amid quite a considerable amount of laudable efficiency in this expensive revue so much that is essential has been overlooked.

Between a very cold June and very sweet lavender a great gulf is fixed. Although I was not one of those who derided Sir Arthur Pinero's seventy-seven-year-old effort, *A Cold June*, which had many virtues, though not that of being able to secure a long run, *Sweet Lavender*, which he wrote when he was thirty-three, is a better play as well as a more successful one. Many years ago I saw the late Edward Terry as Dick Phenyl, the drunken and briefless but kind-hearted barrister. Inimitably did he make that profound remark, "No man is quite as sober as the individual who is occasionally otherwise. All his intelligence is concentrated on his sober intervals, and then it becomes positively devilish." Only slightly less good was the late Holman Clark in one of the many revivals. Yet again has this pleasant piece of sentimentality been revived, and it is being played at a Playfairless Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

It wears well. The author has been, deliberately perhaps, Tom Robertsonian, and the atmosphere of *Caste* is never far distant. But that was a comfortable atmosphere, and in it a good story is told with the unerring sense of construction which was Pinero's characteristic asset even in those days. He has never lost it.

Mr. Balliol Holloway is on the flamboyant side as Dick, who should surely be a more homely figure. But he is too clever an actor not to allow us to be interested. Miss Gwen Llewellyn as the sombre Ruth Rolt—did Pinero ever draw a more depressing character than this?—wandered in and out as from a play by Tchekov, and Miss Vera French was positively saccharine as Sweet Lavender herself.

The first two plays offered at Daly's Theatre by the French company, headed by M. André Brulé, have not been exactly masterpieces. *Le Prince Jean* is the better of the two though not up to the usual form of M. Charles Méré, who is a very considerable playwright. It proved as conventionally theatrical as *Sweet Lavender*, and without its romantic appeal.

But the box o' tricks, which includes a packet of letters, blackmail, and a prince who leads a riotously apolaustic life, is cleverly put together, and it was well acted if, at a somewhat pell-mell

WHERE THE TRUTH HURTS: Messrs. Peter Haddon
version with music of *Nothing but the Truth*, no
moment, shows the incident where Mr. Howes
"Where from?" Dead pause. "A bank!—

"*SING* HER THE TRUTH!" The operatic musical number that is encored at every performance of the new Saville Theatre show. Mr. Peter Haddon, Mr. Afred Drayton, Miss Henrietta Watson, Mr. Wylie Watson, Miss Winifred Izard, Mr. Bobby Howes (who develops an amazing upper register), and Mr. Jack Lambert are seen above

TELL HER ANYTHING BUT THE TRUTH! Encouraged by her friend, Miss Helen Gray, Miss Polly Luce says a piece (beginning "I was an innocent girl!") out of the part she is playing on the pier, to Miss Watson—with disastrous results

the WEEK

Fanfare" at the Prince Edward: Polish: The Non-stop Craze

PAGE

obby Howes, Alfred Drayton, and Jack Lambert in the echristened *Tell Her the Truth*, at the Saville. The sked: "Have you ever stolen anything?" "Yes." of course his little brother's saving's-bank!

pace. M. Brulé is French polish personified. But the performance of Mlle Madeleine Lely was on an altogether higher plane.

For some inscrutable reason, non-stop variety is hailed as something new in theatreland, except in so far as it is a copy from the customs of the picture palace.

It is not new, and was in full swing before there was a single picture palace in London. Somewhere about five-and-twenty years ago, I remember going to the Coliseum at 12 o'clock mid-day—and probably deserved all I got. If variety that consists of four performances a day in the same theatre, the first of them beginning before lunch and the last ending about midnight, is not non-stop variety, I do not know what other description can be applied to it.

WHAT ONE LEARNS ON A BOAT! Mr. Owen Nares proves as efficient as a steward as he does as a frustrator of his wife's extra-marital amours in *Pleasure Cruise* at the Apollo. Miss Madeleine Carroll, the wife expresses admiration at his proficiency with a tray

The non-stop system is enjoying a big boom at present even if by no means all the theatres which have adopted it are finding it profitable. The prophecy, however, that in the near future every theatre in London, whether occupied with music-hall turns, comedy, Shakespeare, melodrama, revue, or comic opera, will be run on the non-stop plan will, I am prepared to bet any reasonable—or unreasonable—amount, never be fulfilled. Not to that extent is the public cinema-conscious.

THE INOPPORTUNE ARRIVAL of Miss Henrietta Watson, as the wife, at the offices of the "truth-teller." Two girls, played by Miss Polly Luce and Miss Helen Gray, from the local theatrical show intriguing with various members of the firm are camouflaged as typists but omit to put any copy-paper in their machines! Miss Watson's acidity is a joy

When the programme is actually a variety one, or consisting of short plays (the non-stop Grand Guignol at the Duke of York's has met with favour) or a plotless revue, the non-stop system seems sensible enough. But I do not see those who are interested in the theatre even to a slightly serious extent willing to watch the fag-end of a play first and then to start again at the beginning. Heaven preserve us from the topsy-turvy view of things, dramatically speaking, such a fashion would involve! I have known people declare that they rather like missing the first act of a play since they reap some additional fun by spending the rest of the evening wondering what that first act was about. But I cannot picture even the most odd-minded theatrical patron being willing to sit through Acts II and III and then to sample Act I, or to see Acts III and I and wait for Act II.

THE MOMENT OF RELEASE: The twenty-four hours of truth-telling came to an end at the psychological moment to enable Mr. Howes to save his face before his fiancée, Miss Jean Adrienne—the *dénouement* at the Saville

Also, a visit to the theatre is still to some extent a formal affair and, if the play is at all worthy, the more enjoyable on that account. The preliminary dinner at a restaurant, the drive through the brightly-lit streets, the orchestral overture—all this forms a part of a ceremony enjoyed by a far greater section of the public than is generally supposed.

I knew a wealthy old gentleman who went to the theatre once a week for fifty years and always followed precisely the same routine on each occasion. "I like," he used to tell me, "to enjoy a small cigar and then to reach my stall in time to see the flute unpacked!" We live now, of course, in a less formal and a more hurried and slap-dash world. But there are plenty of people left in it who are sufficiently unsophisticated—if this be a form of unsophistication—to prefer that a visit to the theatre shall be "done decently and in order."

Nor does this apply only to those who can afford expensive seats. Thousands of patrons with shorter purses actually revel in a long wait outside the pit or gallery (*why* they should revel in it I cannot fathom, but revel they do) and regard it as part of a great and exciting occasion. Non-stop theatres would wipe all this away, and it would be a pity. But I do not think it will happen. That theatrical managers are apt to run, sheep-like, after a successful move is true. In this case some pretty stout hurdles will bar the way.

PLAYS TO SEE

ALDWYCH: "Dirty Work"—A clean farce. Even Robertson Hare is clean (shaven)

COLISEUM: "Casanova"—Produced by Charell. Expurgated by Stoll

CRITERION: "Musical Chairs"—A brilliant comedy

HIPPODROME: "Out of the Bottle"—Anstey *à la* Wylie

HIS MAJESTY'S: "The Dubarry"—Wine, women and song

LYRIC: "Dangerous Corners"—Priestley at his best

NEW: "Twelfth Night"—the Black and White production

PALACE: "The Cat and the Fiddle"—A witty score with Lederer, Delysia, and Wood

PLAYHOUSE: "Dr. Pygmalion"—Ronald as a Squire of many dames, including Gladys Cooper

ROYALTY: "While Parents Sleep"—the young ones stay awake

ST. JAMES'S: "The Vinegar Tree"—Marie Tempest as always

SAVILLE: "Tell Her the Truth"—Liars and lyres

SHAFTESBURY: "I Lived with You"—*Ivan* Novello

STRAND: "Party"—And what a party

WHITEHALL: "The Gay Adventure"—Seymour Hicks all for Lorne

COCONUT OIL is used in great quantities on the Riviera to prevent sunburn. Failing this substance, pharmaceutical compounds are available, but any layer of grease—even to the humble petroleum jelly—will "strain" the actinic—or ultra-violet—rays

SUN-CONSCIOUS GERMANY: Berlin schoolchildren are, under due supervision, exposed to sunlight as a matter of (school) course. This form of natural treatment has been found efficacious in many of the ills to which flesh—especially that of the children of poor districts—is heir

WILL IT TAN OR WILL IT BURN? The neck is covered to prevent sunstroke and the back covered with coconut oil to prevent blister—a vignette from the Riviera

FOOD INSIDE AND OUT! A bottle builds up the body, while the sun is allowed to beat its "nourishing" rays on every bit of a child's surface on the Riviera

DEVOTEES OF THE SUN: MM. Carl Brisson and J. A. Mollison with Mmes Amy Johnson and Helen Gilliland at Juan les Pins. Miss Gilliland, a blonde, must beware of sunburn more than the darker Miss Johnson

TAN, ranging from the hue of barely browned pastry to mahogany, is the inevitable shade at all sun-bathing resorts on the Riviera

SUNBURN: Friend or Foe?

By BAYARD LONG, M.D.

(Chief of the Clinic for Dermatology, St. Luke's Hospital)

"There is nothing new under the sun."
—Ben Akiba.

While it seems to be the popular conception that the benefit to be derived from exposure of the surface of the body to the rays of the sun is a discovery of fairly recent origin, the truth would seem to be that nowhere is the famous saying quoted above more true than in the application of sunlight treatment for the benefit of the ills of mankind. For it is undoubtedly true that the ancients were familiar with these benefits and that the method was in use long before the advent of the Christian era.

Throughout all the ancient world there have been found evidences of this knowledge, either in the form of writings of the teachers and thinkers of the period or as physical evidence in the modern archæological excavations. The Greeks accomplished sun-bathing by lying down on the terraces of their houses. Excavations near the temple of the Greek god of medicine, Æsculapius, in Epidauris, have brought to light a long gallery which had a southern aspect and which was connected with an adjoining sick ward. The Roman solarium was part of every home, as the ruins of Pompeii well demonstrate.

However, with the conquest of the world by Christianity and the consequent abandonment of temples and shrines, many hygienic measures were sacrificed and the world, figuratively speaking, entered upon a period of darkness from which no ray of sunshine was to be again liberated until well into the middle of the eighteenth century. From then on, and up to the present time, our knowledge of sunlight as a healing weapon has grown by leaps and bounds until the present, when I think it fair to say that light treatment has been taken from its realm of empiricism, and put on a sound basis where it can be employed as any other physical agent and almost as accurately as a drug.

And, of course, with the accumulation of scientific knowledge there has gone hand in hand an increase in the knowledge of the public as to the benefits to be derived from exposure to sunlight. So we have an ever-increasing number of enthusiasts devoting themselves to sun-bathing (using either the sun rays themselves, or one of the therapeutic lamps) fully as zealously as ever did the sun worshippers of old.

In the vast majority of these cases only good is accomplished. It is a fact, however, that excessive exposure to sunlight may result in considerable damage to the individual, even death itself being occasionally reported. Formerly the occurrence of sunburn was a seasonable affair, and each sunny week-end produced its number of sufferers from over-exposure. Now, however, with the introduction of the modern ultra-violet lamp and its frequent use by the individual without proper supervision, we see the same effects all the year round.

And these effects on the individual are the same no matter which agency is used — with the usual exception that in over-exposure to sunlight itself the area of the body involved is usually greater. To those of us who are called upon to treat these sufferers it has seemed that the number of such cases was increasing considerably, and that with another summer season upon us perhaps a few words of warning would not be amiss.

Each individual has a definite susceptibility to sunburn, depending entirely upon the colour, thickness, and amount of oily secretion of the skin of that individual. Nature has placed in the deeper part of the upper stratum of the skin a layer of cells containing pigment, and these cells are the principal protection of the skin against sunburn. Brunettes have more of this pigment than blondes, and blondes have more than redheads. And it is a matter of common observation that susceptibility to sunlight follows this order. In other words, the darker the skin, the less susceptible the individual.

The extremes of these conditions are the African negro on the one hand, and the albino on the other. The former has developed a thickened skin with a remarkable deposit of pigment in it as a result of centuries of exposure to the sun. The latter is a person who is born without any pigment whatsoever in either the skin, the hair or eyes, and as a result is tremendously sensitive to sunlight, from which he must be protected at all times.

The thickness of the skin also varies according to the individual, and here again the brunette will usually have the thicker. Blondes and redheads are prone to have thin skins and are consequently more prone to sunburn. Again the same general relations hold true as regards the oily secretion which is given the skin by Nature for two purposes — namely, lubrication — that is, to keep it soft and pliable, and protection against sun, wind, and dust.

Some people have oily skins and some have dry skins, but, taking the three factors mentioned, it will generally be found that the dark skin is thicker and oilier than that of either the blonde or the redhead. This does not always hold true, as we occasionally meet with thin dry skins in brunettes and thick oily ones in blondes and redheads, but not often. Also it should be stated that children are much more susceptible than adults. Strange as it may seem, this is not always recognized—as is borne out by the fact that most of the serious accidents reported from over-exposure occur to young children.

Sunburn is produced by direct exposure of the skin to the sun's rays. The reaction which follows is quite independent of the heat rays of the solar spectrum, being produced by the ultra-violet or actinic rays. That this is true may easily be demonstrated by pointing out the fact that on the same type of skin irritation follows exposure to the cold reflected light from snow fields at high altitudes.

The amount of actinic radiation in any beam of sunlight depends on several factors, all of which are simple and readily understood. First, there is the time of year. In summer, owing to the lessening of the obliquity of the sun's rays more actinic energy reaches us. Hence we sunburn in summer and not in winter. Second, the question of altitude. These ultra-violet rays are easily filtered out by dust and moisture in the air, and hence at an altitude where the air is purer we receive more of these rays than we do at sea level, where, under ordinary conditions, more particles of dust and moisture are present in the air.

Consequently, other things being equal, our skins are more sensitive to sunlight in the mountains than at sea-level. But we must always bear in mind that no matter at what level we are our surroundings also increase the effect by acting as reflectors. Thus the reaction is always more prompt when we are in the water or on the beach.

(Continued on p. 34)

SOME PEOPLE WHO ENTERTAIN US

MISS MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, with her favourite horse, *Prince Charming*, which, unusually in the West, is equipped with a martingale

RHYTHM: A study, entitled "Floating," by Professor Arthur Benda of two pupils of the famous Bodenwieser School of Dancing which is to Vienna what the Imperial Corps de Ballet was to pre-Bolshevik Russia

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST: Miss Florence Desmond, the brilliant mimic, who is starring in Archie de Bear's *Savoy Follies* opening next week

Left—MISS MADGE EVANS, a distinguished star of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation, who is an established favourite of the screen

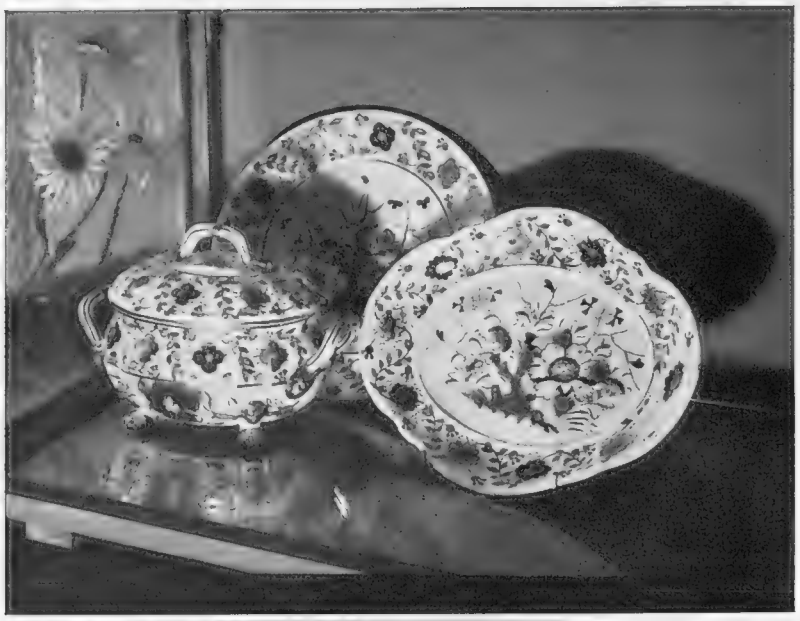
PRIMA BALLERINA: Mlle Alicia Markova, who has held this position with the Diaghileff Ballet and the Rambert Ballet, is starring with the Camargo

MISS NORMA SHEARER, the famous film star, who, in addition to her histrionic talent, has made for herself the smallest practical radio-set in the world

D'Ora

ARGENTINA is presenting a new dance in this costume at the Savoy next week at two special performances

MASTER JOE YOUNG, the champion yo-yo expert who has been demonstrating at the Piccadilly Hotel. He makes one yo-yo walk up the string of another



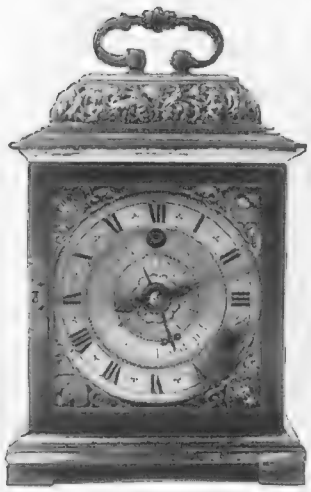
Helen Macgregor

Above left—This exquisite Crown Derby illustrates the exceptionally low prices that obtain, and are equally covetable for the large or small home. From Hamptons, Ltd. The decorative possibilities of old china are shown by the Japanese plates from M. Harris, Ltd., *on right*

ANTIQUES for the SMALL HOME

Above—A Sheraton sofa table and gilt mirror of the Chippendale period combine with grace and suggest an attractive arrangement for the smaller sitting-room. Hamptons, Ltd.

Below—A Sheraton half-round mahogany card-table and an eighteenth century chestnut chair, together with a stipple engraving in colour by Gaugain after Morland comprise this small group. Gill and Reigate



The great Tompion is known to have made few small clocks, for which reason great interest attaches to the forthcoming sale of this exquisite example at Sothebys

Below—A Sheraton chest of such beauty as this is equally adaptable to any room. Examples are obtainable just now at less than the cost of the modern imitations. Hamptons, Ltd.

Above—Showing a Sheraton chair and an unusual Sheraton table, this group is of special interest to the smaller home. M. Harris, Ltd.

FASHION

And Personalities

BLACK AND WHITE: A superb lace *ensemble* that arrested a great deal of attention even at the fashion parade evoked by "Drags" Day at the Auteuil Races

Above and below—TRAVELLING KIT: The coat is in black wool crêpe lined in shepherds' plaid (of which the frock is made) with plaid revers. A plaid and white scarf and a rough straw hat complete the *ensemble*

A CANADIAN DEBUTANTE: Miss Lilian Lang, daughter of the eminent Canadian children's specialist, Dr. Lang, who practises in New York. Miss Lang is seen *en route* for "Buck House"

The WORLD of WOMEN

FOR THE DANCING MATINÉE: The Hon. Nadine Stonor, Lady Elizabeth Paget, Miss Marguerite Leonard and Miss Vera Selby in the rehearsal for the show in connection with Miss Vacani's Children's Dancing Matinée, in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital

MISS GUINEVERE SCOTT, the Anglo-French film star who, it is stated in Paris, shampoos her hair in champagne and washes in the juice of fresh strawberries but, by contrast, drinks only barley water and lemon juice

PEOPLE OF TO-DAY

ENGAGED: Mr. H. G. Watkins who led the relief expedition to Mr. Courtauld marooned in Greenland, and Miss Margaret Rose Graham

PREPARING FOR THE BALLET: A glimpse of activity at the Dorchester during the dress rehearsal for Mme Adeline Gene's ballet

CHALLENGING MEN: Miss Joan Moriarty of Liverpool, niece of the late Lord Moriarty, has entered for the solo war pipes competition at the Taltean Games

BREAKING NEW GROUND: Miss Gwen Spencer of Vancouver (seen with her uncle, Major Richardson) is the first Canadian woman to compete at Bisley

WEDDING: Colonel Leonard Ropner and Miss Esmé Robertson after the ceremony at St. Margaret's, Westminster. An elaborate bouquet and floral wreath characterized the bride's attire

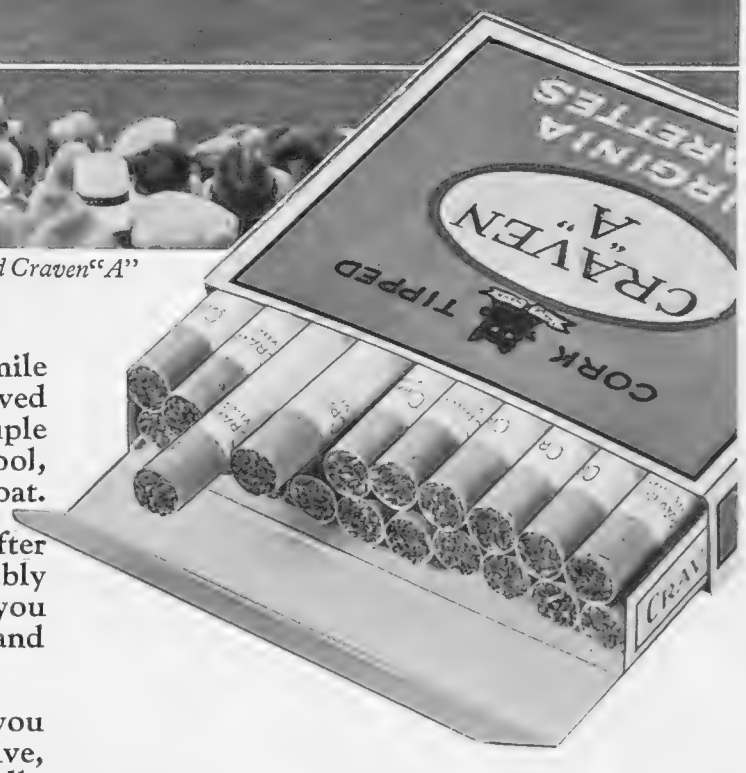
AUSTRIAN ARISTOCRACY: Prince Leopold of Loewenstein-Wertheim and Countess Bianca von Treuberg who were married at Prince's Row Register Office

AN ENGLISH DANE: *Donita of Beal* with her owner, Miss G. A. E. Windart, at the Great Hertfordshire Show held by the Herts Agricultural Society at Hatfield Park

THE PRETTY ROSE QUEEN with her retinue and one or two of the pageant ladies *en route* to the Coronation Ceremony at the Scarborough Battle of Flowers

THE SHOW KISS: Mr. R. G. Porter's dairymaid, Miss Raine, affectionately rewards *Golden Primrose* after the judging at the Hertfordshire Agricultural Show at Hatfield Park

Wherever an Englishman travels, whatever his pursuits—there you will find Craven "A"



In Arcadia Works, London—little more than a mile from "Lords"—Carreras have assembled *every* proved development of Science and adopted every worthy scruple of Hygiene to assist in the production of smooth, cool, pleasing cigarettes—free from harm to voice and throat.

No cigarette was ever made with greater care. After comparative trial with other brands you will probably find, as so many have done, that Craven "A" please you utterly—because of their outstanding QUALITY and their beautifully FRESH condition.

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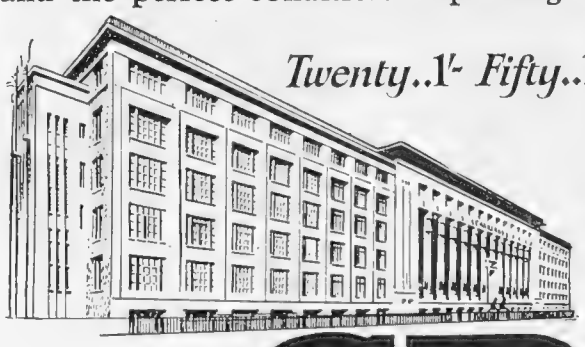

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THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

A FASCINATING SMALL CAR.—Having completed over 5,000 miles on my 1932 Wolseley Hornet I feel I am in a position to give a fairly accurate impression as to the running of these interesting small cars. The particular model in my possession is an E. W. Coupé with a sliding roof. The car was supplied to me by Messrs. Eustace Watkins, Ltd., Berkeley Street, London, and the body is built by the well-known firm of coachbuilders, Messrs. Salmons and Sons, Newport Pagnell and London. The colour scheme adopted is black with green Rudge-Whitworth wheels, and a green band at the bottom of the windows on the doors. The roof covering is of a light canvas colour with a slight trace of green running throught it. The sliding portion of the roof is fitted with three lozenge-shaped roof lights, which are a real blessing. The last two cars I owned had open touring bodies, and I rather feared when I purchased a closed car I would experience that unpleasant feeling of travelling in a box, but I find that these roof lights, which enable the occupant of the car to see the sky, trees, etc., through the roof take away that oppressive atmosphere usually associated with a coupé or saloon. I can strongly recommend these roof lights; in fact I shall insist upon them myself whenever I buy another closed car.

THE ENGINE AND GEAR-BOX.—The chassis has a 6-cylinder engine, and this power unit is one of the smoothest I have ever possessed. It never appears to become fussy in the way that a small four can do, and it gives off a remarkable amount of power when turning over slowly. So far as I can judge the ultra small 6-cylinder engine, such as this Wolseley Hornet, has much to recommend it. As regards petrol consumption this works out in my case at about 32 m.p.g. Although I have only one carburetter the acceleration obtainable is quite enough to satisfy anyone whose requirements are not abnormal. The engine working in conjunction with the four-speed box allows one to shoot ahead and wriggle through traffic in a way that few other cars except ultra-sports models can equal.

The gear box ratios are nicely chosen and the third gear is really useful. Most main road gradients can be easily taken on top, but if progress is at all checked by traffic, speed can be quickly regained by slipping into third. On more than one occasion when returning from the seaside on a Sunday evening I have proved that my Wolseley Hornet can eat up most other cars on a main road gradient. Its all-out speed, so far as I can ascertain is about 60 m.p.h., and needless to say this satisfies me as, frankly, I am not particularly keen to travel much faster in any small car.

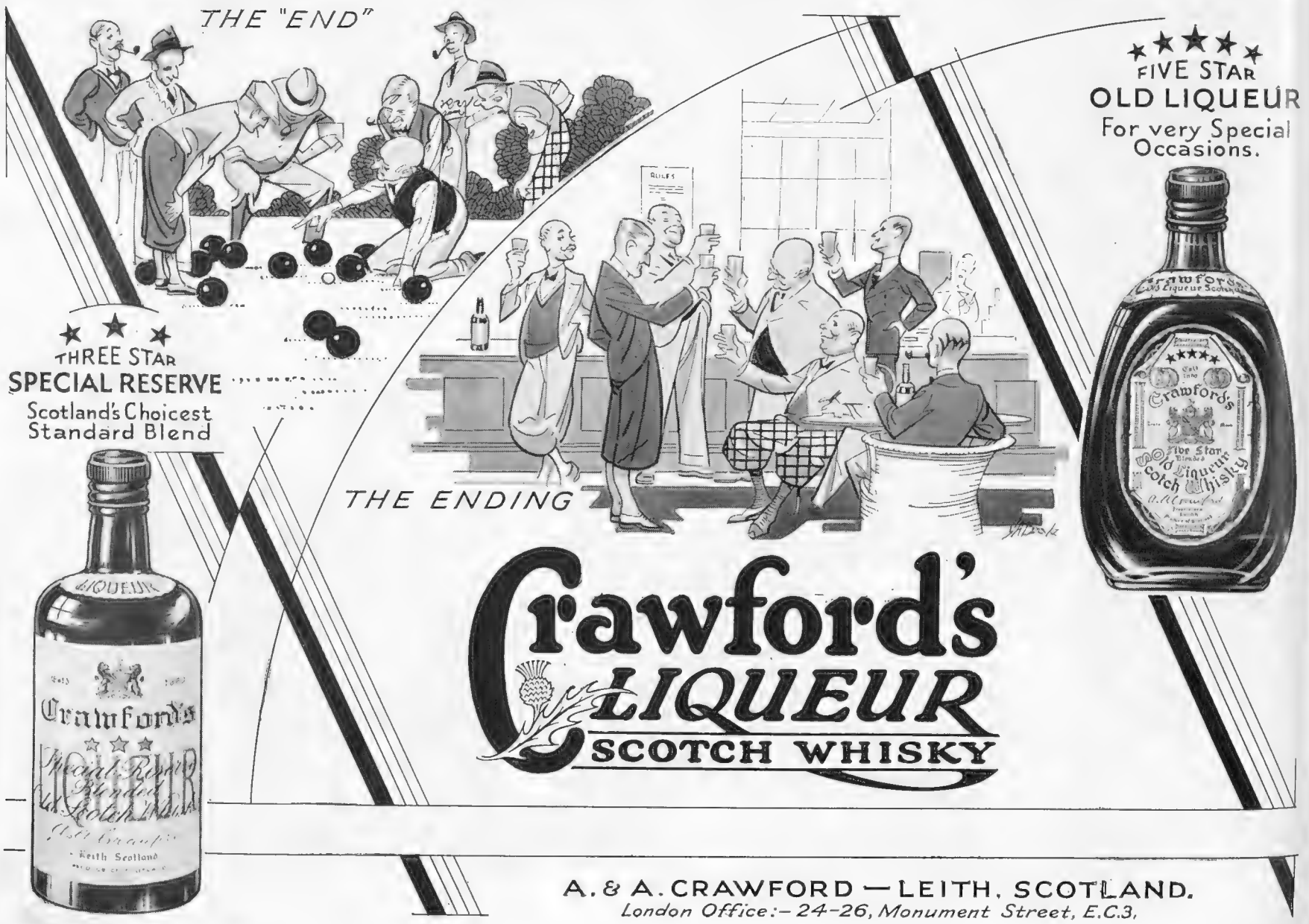
The brakes are hydraulically operated and are effective and smooth in action. They are well above the average and I really think they are as good as anyone can reasonably expect. I am, however, very difficult to please in this respect and I feel that I could travel much faster if I had even better brakes. They operate evenly, in fact I have not yet had the experience of their pulling me to the left or to the right. For a small car the springing is good, though like most vehicles in this class the pressure in the tyres has a very important bearing on the comfort of the occupants. I found I had to carry out experiments with tyre pressures before I discovered how hard the tyres should be pumped for all-round work. The steering is light, provided that the pressure in the front tyres does not drop too low, and I have not found any abnormal slack develop in the joints or the steering box. If I were designing this Wolseley Hornet, I think I would connect up the drop arm direct to the off side front wheel instead of the near side front wheel as is actually the case. I regret I cannot give my readers the reason for this suggested change in design, but there is in my opinion a very distinct difference in the feel of steering constructed according to these two principles.

THE DASH-BOARD.—Coming now to the accessories and gadgets on the car, I would like to pay tribute to the excellence of the lighting system. The headlamps, though not large, seem to give just as much light as did the huge "searchlights" I had on my previous mount. When the car was new I had an epidemic of bulb failures, but I am glad to say this particular trouble has left me. There is a very neat set of dash-board instruments. In daylight they are easily read, but at night time owing to each having a chromium plated rim they dazzle the driver because it is apparently impossible to obtain a dull burning bulb. I have had mine dipped in shellac which certainly makes it better but not perfect.

I have a magnetic petrol gauge which, when the car was new, really worried me because it did everything but tell the truth, and as no reserve tap is provided in the petrol system, I had very grave fears that some time or other I would be stranded without petrol on the roadside. It is now behaving itself slightly better, but it is not yet accurate, but then, in my experience there are very few petrol gauges that can be fitted on the dash that tell the truth all the time.

A USEFUL MAP.—The London Theatre and Garage Map issued by the Automobile Association has recently been revised and brought up-to-date. This map, folded in a convenient size, shows the location of over sixty theatres, and in each case the approximate situation of the nearest garage where accommodation for motor vehicles is available. Copies of the map may be obtained free by members from the Automobile Association, Fanum House, New Coventry Street, London, W. 1., or from any A.A. Branch Office.

FOR A "PLEASURE CRUISE"! Mr. Owen Nares, who is now starring in *Pleasure Cruise* at the Apollo, seen, with Mrs. Owen Nares, leaning against the new 8-cylinder Stutz, supplied to them by Messrs. Warwick Wright, Ltd.



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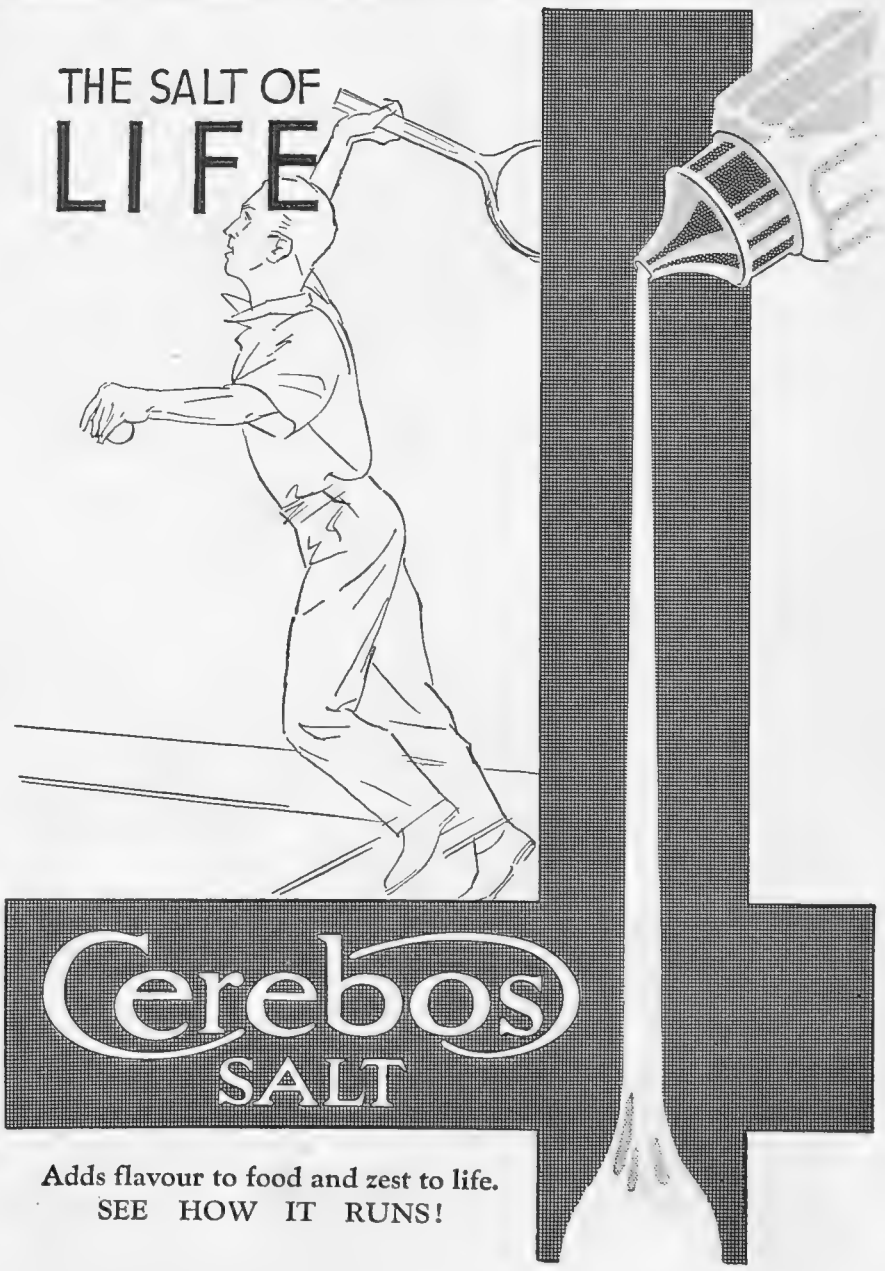

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CONTINUATIONS

SUNBURN: FRIEND OR FOE

(Continued from p. 26)

And, finally, the time of day must be taken into consideration. As the sun mounts the heavens, the amount of actinic radiation reaching our bodies increases at first, remains fairly constant for several hours, and then gradually falls, so that the dangerous time of the day is from about eleven until three actual — not summer time. Before and after these hours we are relatively immune.

Among my own patients I find a great deal of confusion between the various terms relating to sunburn, and it is often true that a patient may not know with what agency he has been treated. The confusion is largely caused by the terms "ultra-violet ray," "ultra-violet light," and the "violet ray." The two former always refer to the actinic rays of the solar spectrum, while the latter is a form of electrical treatment, and takes its name from the fact that when a high frequency electrical current is passed through a vacuum tube a violaceous fluorescence is produced. The two have nothing in common.

The skin absorbs the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum, and after an over-exposure an inflammatory reaction results. In the simplest case a simple reddening results, appearing six hours or so after exposure. While uncomfortable, this is of little importance and tends to disappear spontaneously after a few days. Where the exposure has been more prolonged, a severe inflammation of the skin is set up, accompanied by marked heat and swelling of the areas involved and consequent discomfort. Where the face is involved the swelling of the loose tissue about the eyes may be so great as to close them entirely. In sensitive people blistering frequently occurs, and I have seen cases where—literally—the whole upper layer of the skin of the exposed parts was lifted from its base by what seemed to be one large blister.

Where such a reaction as this occurs, the individual is really ill and deserving of expert attention. Not only is there the marked discomfort due to the inflamed, blistered skin, but in addition the patient has fever and in many cases becomes distinctly toxic from absorption from the inflamed area. This absorption affects mainly the kidneys, which do not function so well as normally, and as a result we may even have a delirium. The heart is also affected by this toxic absorption, and where really serious results accrue as the result of sunburn it is usually a combination of these latter two factors which causes the trouble.

Of course, the ideal way to prevent sunburn is to make the initial exposures short and frequent. Where this is possible a defensive mechanism is built up in the skin by the deposition of pigment in it, so that only a rich, beautiful tanning results. When such a result is produced the individual may rest assured that the maximum benefit has been derived. But, unfortunately, not all of us can find time and leisure for such a gentle process and are forced to take our sunlight in more concentrated doses. It is to these that such words of warning as I have to give will apply.

First of all, study your own make up. A trial exposure or two will decide how much sunlight you can stand. See that you keep below that limit. Rest assured that if you stay in the sun until your skin feels hot, you will have a good sunburn when you get home—and a much worse one if you are blonde and thin-skinned. Always put on a protective covering before this change is noticed.

If you have a fair, thin skin, you had better cover it with one of the new creams which are made by the better pharmaceutical houses expressly to prevent sunburn. This they actually do by having incorporated in them certain chemical substances which act as a barrier to the passage of the ultra-violet rays. If one of these is not available, cover the exposed parts with a layer of petroleum jelly. For, after all, these rays have little penetration, and a reasonably stout layer of ordinary grease will prevent a really bad sunburn.

THE SECRET PEOPLE

(Continued from p. 7)

Then he broke off at a startling tangent. "I have read of a man in the newspapers," he said, "I forget his name, but he is going to try to fly to the North Pole. He estimates that he will have to cross a range of mountains 15,000 ft. high. He is wrong. The range is 32,000 ft. high. If he makes that mistake, he will be lost. If you can find him, tell him that when he reaches the mountains he should turn north. He will then find a pass and get through."

"But how can you know that?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I *know*," he whispered.

I had pressed him to say whether or not he were a king, but all he would say was that his father had been "a great man" on the Continent, and that he too had been on the Continent. He just "dominated" the gypsies in the camp.

That was true enough. Men were now alert, as though they expected orders. But he did not move. All he whispered was: "To-morrow, why to-morrow I may be with Yesterday's Seven Thousand Years."

So I left him, and the gypsies parted before me as though I were a great one, and the man whose caravan I had invaded bowed low.

Now Lee had said to me in his passionate whisper: "If you had two hundred pounds and I wanted it, I would win it from you by tricks. That is the gypsy's way. But if you spread the notes on the table, I would not rob you of them. We don't steal."

Now it is said, too, that the true origin of the gypsies is known, but that it is locked in the bosoms of a secret few. Had Nelson Lee with his talk of Homer and Omar been tricking me? I do not think so. Yet why should he have told me, a stranger, what he really knew or thought?

It baffles me. Looking back on that day I spent with this secret people, I find that I "evermore came out by that same door where in I went."

the Pope had punished them, dooming them to roam still farther—a fate rather akin to that of the Wandering Jew. That was why they had burst into Western Europe—the gypsy noblemen in their scarlet clothes with their hunting dogs bringing terror to France and Germany. So they had spread all over the world. That was why they came to England. That was why, in 1596, over a hundred of them were condemned to death, only the children being spared. But the children cried so piteously at the execution of some of the parents that the remainder were reprieved and a Mr. Portyngton was appointed and given funds to escort them all back to the places which they had been known to inhabit three years before. But they broke away. So modern gypsydom began.

We went through it all, and at last Nelson Lee moistened his chiselled lips with a tongue brown with iodine, and hissed in that terrible whisper of his: "Of course we are really Persians!"

"Persians?"

"Why not?" he urged, "Listen—'A book of verses underneath the bough; A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou beside me singing in the wilderness—And wilderness were paradise enow.' The verses are our songs—that is the whole of a Romany's life; the whole of a Romany's philosophy. From beginning to end Omar Khayyam is pure gypsy."

I mentioned Borrow . . . Nelson Lee flamed up more passionately than ever the Flaming Tinker did. "Borrow," he said in that awful whisper, "Borrow was a charlatan, a fool and a pup! You remember where they took him to listen to the gypsy man and the gypsy girl behind a hedge! Gypsies never talk like that. They pulled his leg. And as for writing—he wrote like a servant!"

If he had not been a true gypsy gentleman, I feel that he would have spat out his scorn.

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Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon arising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

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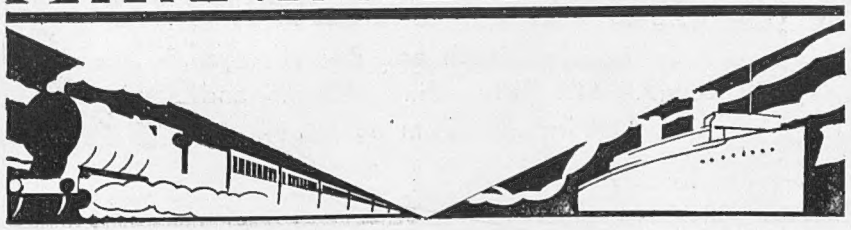

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NOTES and NEWS

LESSEN THE DEPRECIATION

Many a proud owner-driver who chooses the bright colour scheme of the new car grows a little forgetful as time goes on. Later he (or she) may wish more time and care had been given to cleaning, for appearance does help against depreciation. Wiser car owners could have told the owner to use the new Karpol—which gently removes travel stains and leaves a perfect finish. A few rubs with a soft cloth moistened with Karpol will clean the road stains off the coachwork. A rub with another soft cloth, dry this time, makes the surface shine like a mirror.

BRITAIN SWEEPS THE BOARD

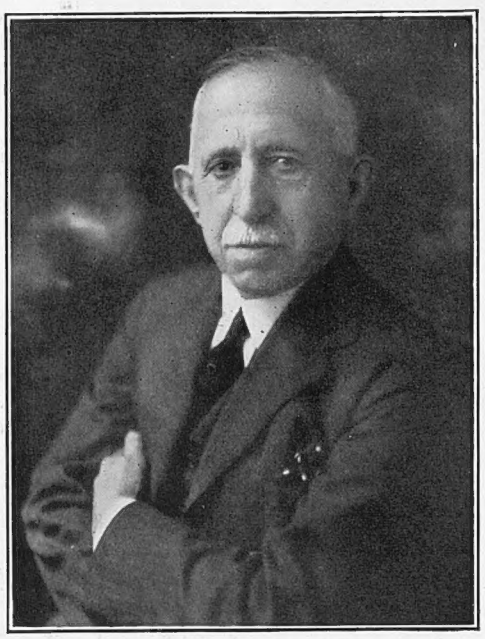
At average speeds of over 82 miles per hour—two miles an hour faster than the Isle of Man races—British riders, on British machines, secured first, second, and third places this week-end in the premier event of the Dutch Motor-cycle Tourist Trophy races at Assen.

The winner was P. Hunt, who maintained an average of 82·5 m.p.h. for the whole course, covering one lap at just under 86 m.p.h. S. Woods, who came second, also averaged over 82 m.p.h. First, second, and third places in all three events were secured by machines using Wakefield Castrol oil.

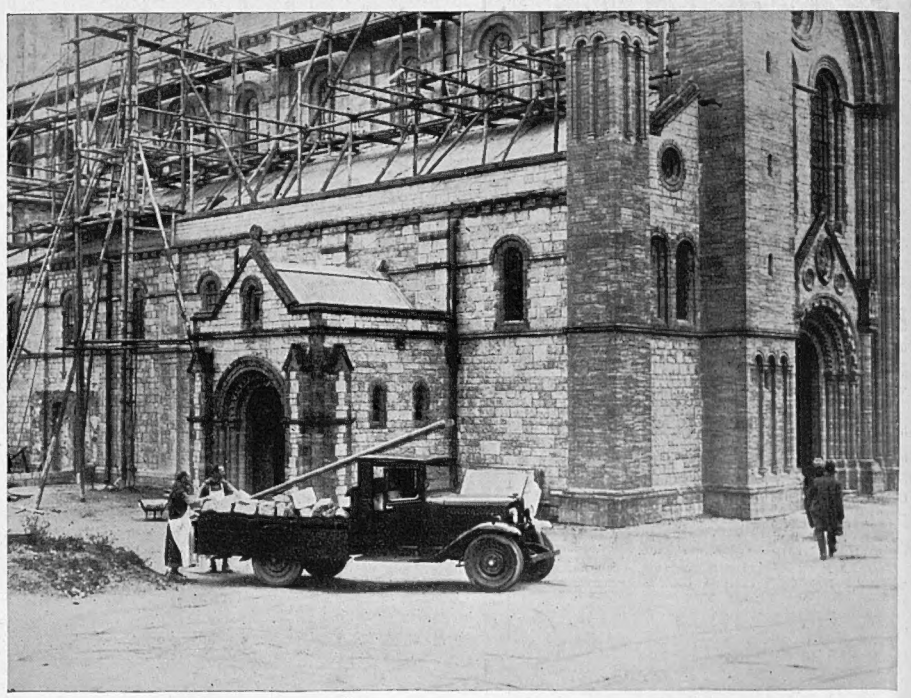
THE ABC OF THE B.B.C. (Pearson)

Under the above brisk title, Sir Harry Brittain has written an admirably concise, informative and generally entertaining account of the British Broadcasting Corporation just at the time when the old Savoy premises have been closed and the new white palace in Portland Place has been getting into full swing. Sir Harry tells of the serious and the amusing sides of broadcasting, and runs succinctly over its interesting history, which, by the way, includes an extraordinary condemnation by Mr. H. G. Wells in 1927, when that distinguished prophet foresaw that broadcasting was destined to parallel the future of crossword puzzles and Oxford trousers, a very trivial future indeed.

But things have improved since 1927 and Mr. Wells, as Sir Harry points out, now regularly broadcasts in Britain and America. Among the many, perhaps, unexpected developments of broadcasting is the rising of a generation whose hearing is so attuned to wireless that a "naked" orchestra seems in some way strange and unpleasant to their ears.



MR. ROBERTSON F. GIBB who, at a meeting of the Directors of the Union Castle Mail Steamship Company, Ltd., held on the 16th instant, was elected chairman of the Board



THE FINAL TOUCHES: On August 25 Cardinal Bourne will consecrate the new church at Buckfastleigh. This church is to commemorate the Buckfast Abbey of 800 years ago. The church has been built by five monks, who have worked practically unaided. They started the work 25 years ago and are seen in this picture unloading stone from a 30-cwt. Bedford truck

A CHARMING FRENCH RESORT

Set on the west coast of France parallel with Lyons and Vichy, south of La Rochelle and north of Bordeaux and the estuary of the Gironde, is the delightful town of Royan, whose baby competition was illustrated in a recent issue of THE SPHERE. There are three casinos, a fine golf course, and facilities for tennis, riding, and yachting; the climate is delightful.

The Oceanic Hotel has been given the nickname of Sunset Hotel, from the superb play of polychromatic light one sees from its windows.

The hotel itself dominates the bay on one side, the estuary to the south-east and the ocean. Set in a wooded park, it offers all amenities, from a first class cuisine, from wines (Cognac is forty miles away) to one hundred bathrooms; from lock-up garages to a weekly gala.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

This Society has received a legacy of £200 from a lady, and she says in her Will that she has left this legacy in recognition of the great and many kindnesses shown to her during her life-time. There must be many readers of THE SPHERE who have received many blessings during their lives, and would like to show their appreciation by giving a legacy to the Society, which is most earnestly in need of funds to carry on their great work of training poor boys and girls to become good and useful citizens. Full particulars may be obtained from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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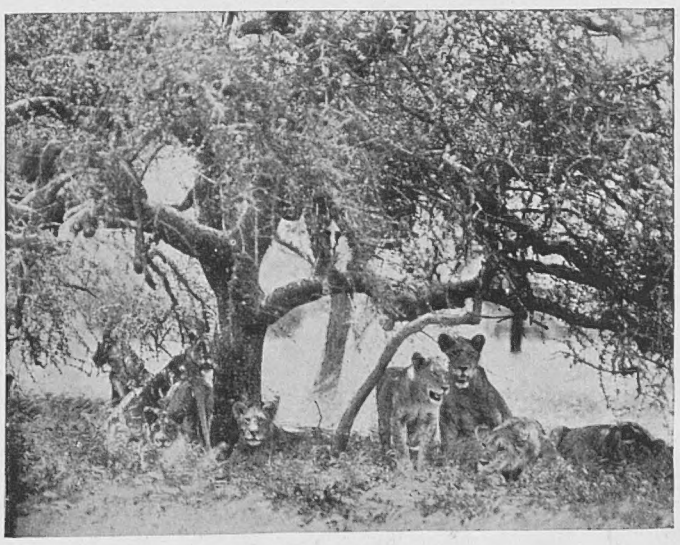

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'Within the precincts of St. James's is a little street called Petty France that is well known to Americans who do not die in Paris. On fine mornings when the stock markets look good and the family wants to convert travel cheques into heirlooms, Pa and Ma walk down there to buy Queen Anne furniture and the silver of the early Georges.

It was for this reason amongst others that Serena Merriman selected that nondescript byway as the ideal situation for her Hot Dog café. Being an American herself, she knew a hot dog when she saw one, and appreciated its sentimental appeal to compatriots far from home highways where those golden brown rolls of mystery mingle their appetising perfume with that of gasoline. The idea was partly Serena's and partly that of her English cousin Gerry. As becomes a guardsman who has to maintain honour and glory at his own expense, Gerry knew a thing or two about trading in what is called the West End of London.

'So what you've got to do, young Serena,' he advised, 'is to start a business where you can sit in the parlour and listen to the tinkle of the cash register. How much money have you got?'

'Fifteen hundred dollars — when I've paid my account at Grosvenor House. Then I have a whole wad of debts. I've been frightfully expensive to myself."

'Forget them until you have something to pay 'em with' said Gerry.

So Serena spent her dollars in advance rent and fitting out the shop with oak benches and tables, a sanded floor, and all the other appurtenances of an old English chop house, including a little home for herself in the two rooms above.

And it was Gerry Wake who launched Serena's opening night by giving a Hot Dog party to a Royal Prince and such officers of His Majesty's Brigade of Guards as were not on leave, not to mention the Brighter Members of the Younger Set. In fact, the Hot Dog première was so full of those upon whom the snob gossips thrive, that from then on, Serena's cash register tinkled like a busy typewriter every midnight to dawn.

Serena soon found, however, that she had to sell a lot of hot dogs to pay off two thousand pounds of debts." . . . *You must read* "HOT DOG" . . *in which a dashing member of the Brigade of Guards demonstrates to Miss America that deception is sometimes the better part of valour.*

NEW STYLE MAGAZINE

"Little is known of the early history of Balliol garden. By the statutes of 1507 herbs and vegetables were to be grown, and apparently a small plot of ground was allotted with each private chamber. As a good deal of the property of Balliol in the thirteenth century consisted of tenement houses, their gardens probably formed the different allotments. The old Master's garden of Balliol is now covered with buildings, but in Loggan it is shown as a small formal plot, with fruit trees trained against the enclosing walls. The chief feature of Balliol garden to-day are the chestnut trees. How amazed the Lady Devorguilla (the foundress of Balliol) would be could she see the beauty of these countless candelabra of flowers in bloom, for horse-chestnuts, which are natives of Thibet, were unknown in this country till the sixteenth century. Still greater, perhaps, would be her delight in the tulips, which every year light up the sombre dignity of the Fellows' garden in Eights week.

Of the early gardens belonging to University College we know the beautiful wall built in the classical style in the Radcliffe quad. It is best seen from the doorway on the High Street. In the Fellows' garden there is a tulip tree (nearly as large as the one at Wadham), a lovely spectacle from the High Street in autumn, when the leaves are green-gold. In the Master's garden the most conspicuous feature is the beautiful 300-year-old mulberry tree. Near it is a carefully protected little slip grown from 'Milton's mulberry' in the garden of Christ Church, Cambridge." . . . *A delightful article* "OXFORD'S COLLEGE GARDENS," *by Eleanour Sinclair Rohde.*

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